

OF WILDTRACKS AND WEREWOLVES

By Nicholas Pegg

It all begins with the script. As any director in any medium will tell you, no amount of glitzy casting or glossy production will make any difference if the script itself is no good. And as a result, it is every director's wish to work with writers of quality.

As the director assigned to both *Loups-Garoux* and *The Holy Terror*, I can therefore count myself extremely fortunate. Marc Platt and Robert Shearman are two very different writers with one obvious thing in common: each has a highly individual approach to his craft, offering different but equally idiosyncratic styles and a full-blooded approach to character and dialogue which are meat and drink to a director and his cast.

I've known Rob Shearman for many years; we were, in fact, contemporaries at Exeter University, that fabled seat of learning whose ample red-bricked bosom has also cradled such diverse talents as J.K. Rowling, Thom Yorke and, more recently, Will Young. In the autumn of 1989 Rob Shearman auditioned for a production of *Hamlet* that I was directing (and for which, incidentally, I callously rejected Thom Yorke's poster design - I probably still have it somewhere. I suppose it must be worth a bomb). Although he denied it then and still does to this day, Rob Shearman is a jolly good actor, and I cast him as Horatio. And thus was born a long and happy friendship.

One of the *Doctor Who* stories that was airing on BBC1 that autumn, while Rob and I rehearsed *Hamlet* in the campus refectory, was that rare and beautiful creature *Ghost Light* - whose author, by a remarkable coincidence, I chanced to meet for the first time that very same month. Taking a break from rehearsals, I compered a *Doctor Who* convention in Liverpool which, if memory serves, took place over the weekend that fell between the transmission of the second and third episodes of *Ghost Light*. Many of that story's cast and crew were present, and I remember how charming Marc Platt was on our first meeting, and also how delighted he was with the way his script had been translated on to the screen. Of course I had no idea that, eleven years later, I would find myself directing the second of his *Doctor Who* scripts to make it into production...

Bringing a script to fruition on audio is an organic process in which many individuals play an important part: the actors, the engineers, the post-production boffins with their sound effects and ambient acoustics, and the incidental composers. And then there's the director. I'm occasionally asked what exactly an audio director does - after all, it's not as if he has to worry about camera angles and choreographing the actors. That much is true, but even in film and television the director's most important role has nothing to do with the visuals: crucially, he or she is there to steer the ship, to pull together all the creative departments and ensure that everyone, from cast to musicians to engineers, is singing from the same score. That score is, of course, the script, and it's there that the director's job begins.

Another quality that Rob and Marc share is their generosity to the director. As it happens I'm a writer too, and I know only too well the feelings, not always charitable, that are apt to bubble up when the phone rings and it's the director

asking for yet another meddlesome rewrite. By the time they reached my desk, *The Holy Terror* and *Loups-Garoux* had already passed through the script-editing process and required very little in the way of revisions, and I cannot stress highly enough that they are Rob's and Marc's scripts and nobody else's. But it is nevertheless an important part of the director's remit to get a script absolutely watertight before launching it, and this requires a firm and realistic eye to detail, and inevitably leads to the occasional tweak. One of the potential pitfalls of the audio format is that you're denied the visual shorthand that helps to fill in the detail of a scene. There's nothing more disorientating, for example, than a character suddenly piping up two pages into a scene when the listener hasn't even realised that this character was supposed to be in the room. Lines at the beginning of each scene need to establish exactly where we are and who's there. Similarly, if time is supposed to have elapsed between one scene and the next, it's necessary to establish that fact. (I recall, for example, that I made the very minor alteration of having the Doctor enter Ileana's carriage at the very beginning of Scene 29 of *Loups-Garoux*, rather than have him already there, as he'd only just exited in the previous scene. Clearer storytelling, I thought.)

More obviously, if something is essentially visual in concept, it will need a bit of explaining. That said, the notorious trap to avoid is the temptation of over-describing the picture. I'm sure you know the sort of thing: 'Look, Doctor, there's a seven-foot furry blue monster standing in the art deco doorway, with the professor's all-important power-pack grasped in its six-toed paw!' But the opposite pitfall can be just as problematic. A lack of explanation quickly becomes confusing and may run the risk of alienating the listener. The pursuit of clarity is one of the director's prime responsibilities.

Permit me to offer a small example. The talking greetings card which features in *Loups-Garoux* was in Marc's original script, and a marvellous idea it was too: it's one of the many details with which Marc sketches in the story's background of a deforested and despoiled world. However, in the original script the card itself didn't say anything before the characters' various recorded messages were played. I wasn't entirely sure about this, worrying that the visual image of the talking card wasn't conveyed clearly enough. I explained my thoughts to Marc, and suggested that perhaps the card itself could deliver a spoken intro to help the listener understand what exactly it was. Marc promptly came up with the jingle, 'Thank you for reading this paper-free card. No trees were harmed in the making of this product. Your greeting reads...', thus taking a practical problem and using it to fill in an aspect of the future society's background. It was my suggestion but it was Marc's line, and that's about as good an example of the synthesis of writer and director as any I can think of.

After the script, the next challenge is casting. Fitting the right actor to the right part is harder than it might sound; a good actor badly cast just doesn't work. So it's not enough simply to pick your favourite actor, period - the trick is to find the best actor *for that role*, and then to make sure that he'll fit well alongside this actor and that actor too. In the audio medium, variety is all - there's nothing worse than a cast of actors who all sound the same.

Wherever possible, I've worked hard to secure some good 'names' to play guest roles in the stories I've directed. I don't approve of gratuitous 'stunt casting', but if

a well-known name is also the best person for the job, then their experience and talent can only add to the quality and prestige of the production. For *The Holy Terror*, I was tremendously lucky to assemble a really top-notch cast of old friends and colleagues, including the wondrous Sam Kelly, Roberta Taylor and Peter Guinness. *Loups-Garoux* was rather more of a step into the unknown, insofar as I had never worked with Eleanor Bron, Burt Kwouk or Nicky Henson beforehand. But what a joy it was to do so. I was (and remain) in absolute awe of the greatness of Eleanor Bron!

Before we begin recording, I talk to the actors in some detail about the overall atmosphere and characterisations I want to achieve in the story, but a good director never strait-jackets the cast. It's important to go with the flow and let the actors bring their own ideas to the microphone. A good case in point would be Nicky Henson's Transylvanian accent in *Loups-Garoux*, which was entirely his own idea - but one that I loved.

We tend to use the system known as rehearse-record, which means that rather than have a separate rehearsal period, we move through the script scene by scene, rehearsing then recording, rehearsing then recording. We try to record everything as far as possible in story order, making it easier for the actors to keep a grip on their characters, but there are a couple of reasons why we might break the order up: most obviously, the availability of the actors. On *The Holy Terror*, for example, Sam Kelly was there for both days (which was just as well, as the Scribe was a huge part), but Roberta and Peter, who played Berengaria and Childeric, were only there on the second day, so of course we were hopping back and forth within the script.

More complicated in this respect was *Loups-Garoux*, whose recording order was shunted hither and thither in a bewildering fashion by some very complicated actor availability. I can't quite recall the exact details, but I remember Peter Davison had to arrive late on one day, while Eleanor Bron and Nicky Henson were only in the studio for a day and a half, and several of the other actors were only there for one day or the other. Believe it or not Jane Burke, who played Inez, never actually met Sarah Gale, who played Rosa - even though they're actually in a scene together! Peter Davison had to play the relevant scene twice, once with Sarah and then again the following day with Jane. Alistair Lock stitched it all together in post-production.

In fact, looking back, I spent a considerable amount of *Loups-Garoux* recapping the plot with the actors: 'Right, now this bit comes just *before* that bit on the train that we recorded yesterday, but just *after* the bit we'll be recording later this afternoon when Burt arrives.'

Because the schedule is by necessity rather brisk, we tend to have just one rehearsal reading, and then the director will give notes to the actors, and then we'll go straight for a first take. If we muck it up we'll do another one, and another, until we get it right - but you'd be surprised how often the first take is the best. There's a lot to be said for spontaneity. An example that springs to mind is the last scene of *The Holy Terror*, in which Rob gave Colin Baker a beautiful, melancholy speech about the implications of travelling in the TARDIS. Having listened to the rehearsal reading, I knew that we had to nail this scene in one take. It was a delicate butterfly of a speech, and if we made the mistake of retaking it over and over again we'd lose it. It needed to be absolutely guileless and downplayed, so after the rehearsal reading I talked to Colin very specifically about the precise kind of atmosphere

I felt we needed to achieve. After listening very carefully he came back with exactly what I wanted, straight off, first take, and it was just superb. It gives me a little glow to hear that many fans have now cited that scene as one of the defining moments for Colin's Doctor.

Actors thrive on spontaneity. If you've heard *The Holy Terror* you'll know that Sam Kelly, who is undoubtedly one of the finest actors I've ever worked with, pulls off an amazing feat with his dual performance as the Scribe and the demonic Boy. What you may not know is quite how amazing that feat was, given that it was very largely achieved 'live' in the studio. Alistair Lock, who recorded the story, had developed a technique whereby, if Sam recorded his 'Boy' speeches in a weird, slowed-down fashion, the subsequent post-production treatment would result in the unearthly voice you hear in the final edit. Sam worked at this technique very diligently until the effect was working, but I can tell you it took some bottle to do what he did. In order to achieve the appropriate effect, he had to play those scenes sounding like a slowed-down LP of Margaret Thatcher, while Colin talked away as normal. And he did it brilliantly, without batting an eyelid.

Most amazing of all was when we came to do the scenes in which Sam, as the Scribe, is talking to himself as the Boy. I had planned to record everything twice, thus allowing Sam to concentrate on his 'Scribe' performance in one set of takes, and then go back and do his 'Boy' performance in another set of takes, whereafter the post-production boys at ERS Studios could knit the whole lot together. But Sam said, 'No, come on, let's try doing it all in one go.' I said, 'Seriously? Are you sure?' And off he went. It was quite remarkable - he was swapping from one character to the other completely 'live', and he did the whole thing in one take. That, plus the obvious post-production effects, is what you can hear in the final story.

Then again, some things are less spontaneous. Mention of post-production brings to mind the obligatory wildtrack sessions that often take place at the end of a studio day. 'Wildtrack' is the term given to a layer of vocal recording that will be edited into the background (or occasionally the foreground) in post-production. A good example would be the numerous crowd scenes in *The Holy Terror* - and boy, did they take a long time. On a boiling August afternoon we recorded what seemed like *hours* of the stuff, so that it could be looped and layered in post-production to make the available dozen or so people sound like a huge milling throng. I coaxed the entire cast, plus Rob Shearman and Gary Russell and Jac Rayner and whoever else happened to be around, into the sweltering studio to chant 'All hail Frobisher, all hail the big talking bird!' until they were hoarse and until my arms ached (I was conducting them from behind the soundproof glass like a demented choirmaster). I remember Rob staggering out of the studio and saying, 'I'm so sorry - I'll never write another crowd scene again!' It was hot, it was painful, and it took forever.

But, like all of this mad silly *Doctor Who* business, it was also the most unbelievable fun. And I'll always cherish the memory of it.

LOUPS-GAROUX

By Marc Platt

Things go in cycles, don't they? Tides, the moon, Wagnerian operas, washing machines. But when the proposal for a *Doctor Who* werewolf story resurfaced eighteen years after it was knocked on the head, and actually got made with the Doctor it was written for, played by the original actor, well, you start to wonder... Time loops? Time louns...?

Loups-Garoux (aka *Whoops-Garoux* or *Loupie Garou's Weird Weekends*, or even *Fennis*, its first title long before its good old Vampiric cousin *The Curse of Fenric* happened along - another case of the eclectic writers' zeitgeist) started as a proposal for a Fifth Doctor two-parter that I sent to the production office in around 1982/83. It was set entirely on the speeding train (studio-bound for cheapness) and featured Nyssa and Tegan. (Tegan was the original subject of the Doctor's 'baggage' line - it worked better for her than Turlough, but I liked it too much to chuck it!) Ileana de Santos was there (called Elvira de Burgos), so was the Amazon Desert, but there was no sign of Pieter Stubbe. The story didn't get even an inch of interest, so it plonked into the old ideas file for possible future plundering.

Around the time that Big Finish started trawling for audio stories with its now famous Sunday afternoon meeting, there was a production of Stephen Sondheim's fairy-tale musical *Into the Woods* at the Donmar Warehouse. It was a bloody wonderful production of a seminal work: positively Mozartean in being very funny, very frightening, profoundly moving and utterly joyous all at once. It improved with every viewing and I saw it five times. All fairy tales have dark undercurrents, where feeding the appetite doesn't necessarily just involve putting dinner on the table; and it was the Red Riding Hood sequence, with its voraciously lascivious wolf, that sent me digging out the old *Fennis* storyline.

The story still felt like a Fifth Doctor adventure, but eighteen years later, it's a different Fifth Doctor. It's a chance to make him more dynamic and give Peter Davison more to get his teeth into. The Doctor driving the story rather than just getting involved.

Peter's voice has darkened. You can't write him as the fresh-faced, head of school hero anymore. In fact by *Androzani*, his Doctor is already darker and more worldly-wise, yet that streak of innocence remains. He's still trusting, or at least wants to be. He's still driven by curiosity and enthusiasm for how things work. But in *Loups-Garoux*, that curiosity and innocence are almost his undoing. Ever the gentleman, the Doctor tries to help the beleaguered werewolf matriarch Ileana de Santos, unaware that his every well-meaning effort makes him increasingly attractive to her and more of a rival to her long-term mate, the monstrous Pieter Stubbe. I wanted to create *Doctor Who's* first eternal triangle, and they don't get much more eternal than these three. What's the point of rearranging the deckchairs round old story ideas? With rare exceptions, the last place you should look for inspiration for a *Who* story is old *Who* stories. If you're using old enemies, go back to basics and do new things with them, otherwise create something completely new. Who are these

people who insist that *Doctor Who* has the broadest scope of any TV sci-fi series because it can do anything, and then whinge loudly if you try something different?

Pieter Stubbe is the living embodiment of the bestial dark side of Ileana's instinct, whilst the Doctor seems the civilised, reasoning ideal that she longs for. But the Doctor's not very experienced with women (so he tells Turlough). And it's true, he doesn't have a clue. Confronted by the voluptuous advances of a samba dancer (beside whom, Leela would probably look over-dressed), he fuffs hopelessly. The more he tries to do The Right Thing for Ileana, the more tangled he gets. And Stubbe's subjugation of the entire population of Rio as a love token in the style of *One Man and His Dog*, is a direct reaction to the Doctor's well-meaning championing of Ileana and her werewolves. This time it's Oops-Garoux!

When it came to werewolves, I had to explain why, in reality, we see so few of them. Look at the internet under Lycanthropy and you'll find them in abundance, on forums and discussion groups, perpetually sniping at the Vamps. But even at full moon, they don't seem to be much in physical evidence. Not round South London anyway. And they don't mention full moon much either; so I decided to consign that monthly transformation aspect to Hollywood. It made sense that if the wolves are here amongst us, they just don't allow themselves to be seen. They can do that; they come from dark places, shadows under the trees, natural places close to the earth that we've forgotten about or grown out of. Or are too self-obsessed to notice. Life's become so shallow and superficial that we never see what's lurking just below the surface. The wolves are trying to survive in their increasingly invaded world, a world we are making a horrendous mess of.

I found Pieter Stubbe in *The Damnable Life and Death of Stubbe Peeter*, an historic document reporting the trial and execution of a werewolf in 16th century Germany. The real Stubbe had a string of mistresses and committed a series of grisly murders, doing it all with a sort of monstrous panache. In other words, he was a terrific villain and far too good to waste. A 15th century Bestiary tells that werewolves were born out of the slime after the Deluge - and so Stubbe evolved into the granddaddy of all werewolves, the oldest, most monstrous creature still stalking the Earth - and doesn't he revel in it. He's seen it all. Everything else is transient and just a plaything to him. But his long, long time has left him behind. And the only person who can really deal with him is not the unearthly Doctor, but one of the humans who has inherited the planet. Someone in the present, who still understands and keeps its past. The homeless Rosa Cayman (aka Red Riding Hood - Amazon style) entertains the displaced spirits of the lost Amazon forest in her head, because they've nowhere else to go. Progress robbed them of their trees. Rosa's not an airy fairy New Age huntress; she just gets on with her job, which accidentally includes getting closer than anyone else ever got to Turlough. (Quite how close is entirely up to the listener!) And I wanted to explore Turlough's edgy relationship with the Doctor and with his own inner demons too. In one brief night, he says more to Rosa than he's ever admitted to anyone in the TARDIS.

Finally Gary Russell gets the script and writes 'WHAT?' and '!*X***!!!' and 'OH, YES? AND HOW DO THE LISTENERS SEE THAT?!!!' And he occasionally adds 'love it' but only in tiny print. Actually there's also a traditional bit before that where we try to get our incompatible computers to speak to each other. Then I do some rewrites. Then Gary sends the script to Nick Pegg.

Bingo! This is terrific. Nick and I are on the same wavelength. Among his diverse talents, Nick writes pantos and appreciates the importance and seriousness of fairy tales (his Cinderella is a corker). He also has a passion for natural history - we spend a long time enthusing about capybaras. He is also, see his track record, a fine director. When I wrote Pieter Stubbe, I had Nicky Henson's dark and very sexy voice in my head. So Nick went and got him. Nicky H was immensely enthusiastic and, armed with Bela Lugosi's accent, produced a larger, more regal and sympathetic monster than I had dared hope for. Viscerally evil, like some forgotten force of nature, but such fun too. The splendid Sarah Gale (Rosa) had a tough time not screaming with fright during their first encounter. We'd decided, in general, to ignore accents, but Nicky's Carpathian tones felt right, Burt Kwouk offered us a variety of Japanese dialects, and since Sarah is Canadian, we thought that Rosa, raised on satellite TV in a desert shanty town, would have succumbed to an American accent - even if she'd naturally be talking Portuguese.

When Nick P and I talked about casting Ileana, we both found we had Eleanor Bron at the tops of our lists. I thought she was way out of our league. But Nick booked her too. Everyone was a bit in awe of Eleanor at the recording, but she was having a whale of a time. She enjoyed snarling and howling so much, she treated us all to her Screech Owl too - an eerie, high-pitched squeal that I hope Alistair Lock has preserved for posterity. Ages ago, I heard Eleanor on the radio saying that she couldn't understand why people were snooty about her appearance in *Revelation of the Daleks*. She'd had a lovely time sticking knitting needles into people! It was obvious throughout recording that she'd studied the script in depth. Her performance is beautifully judged and paced - real feeling for the words, especially in the storytelling scenes.

During the recording I sat in a darkened corner of the control room wanting to do another rewrite; being embarrassed about mistakes I'd missed, but the cast hadn't (Burt Kwouk spotted Juro changing to Jura about half way through); being gobsmacked at how much actors can add to what I've written (or occasionally miss); trying not to jump up and down too much; trying Nick P's patience and undermining his carefully prepared scene-by-scene timetable by explaining to Eleanor Bron where all the unspeaking extra werewolves come from (Mr Talbot from the Lon Chaney Universal werewolf films, Maugrim from the Narnia books, others from German werewolf legends). Despite repeated problems with the sound desk (this was Big Finish's first sojourn to Moat Studios in Stockwell), Nick appeared serenely assured, juggling the out-of-order scenic schedule, patiently explaining each new scene to the cast before each take. He had an amazing grasp of what was going on. I was too dizzy to remember the implications of half of what I'd written. But I did manage to produce a batch of home-made muffins which the cast set about with gusto in the Green Room. It was a very jolly weekend. We all got roped into doing background howls and growls. Nick probably needed weeks to recover.

Then the story vanished over my event horizon. I got glimmers from Alistair as he valiantly grappled with and created out of thin air the more obscure locations and sound effects I'd put in the script. And I heard horrible rumours of how the sound desk had distorted the recording to the extent that the story nearly didn't make it out at all. But Alistair somehow cleaned it up in an exhaustively painstaking labour

of love for which I am eternally grateful. The vistas of Rio and the desert are positively cinematic. I love the tacky theme to that tackiest of cartoon shows *Jaguar Maiden*. And I love how the final scenes actually work, as the vanquished Stubbe is drawn into the inner forest in Rosa's head (and why shouldn't Imagination be as real a dimension as Space or Time?) and they play their earlier fairy-tale encounter in reverse. And then the Doctor and Ileana meet one final time on another completely private plane of existence beyond anything that humans (or Turlough) can understand. And these work because some terrific actors, a director, a producer and a sound engineer believed in what they were creating and trusted my words - and that was the most flattering thing of all.

And to anyone who spots that when the train goes into reverse, Ileana cannot possibly release the final carriage with the TARDIS for the Doctor, because it's now at the front, I have only one thing to say - it was a loup line.

LOUPS-GAROUX

CAST

THE DOCTOR	Peter Davison
TURLOUGH	Mark Strickson
PIETER STUBBE	Nicky Henson
ROSA CAIMAN	Sarah Gale
ILEANA DE SANTOS	Eleanor Bron
INEZ	Jane Burke
DOCTOR HAYASHI	Burt Kwouk
ANTON LICHTFUSS	David Hankinson
JORGE	Derek Wright
VICTOR	Barnaby Edwards

Glossary of Terms

loups-garoux : French for 'werewolves'

lobo : Portuguese for 'wolf'

favelas : Portuguese for 'slums'

cutclaws : the werewolves' nickname for non-werewolf humans

sat-vid : satellite video

PART ONE

SCENE 1. CITY SQUARE, COLOGNE, 1589.

FX: A DISTANT BELL IS TOLLING SOMEWHERE. A CROWD CHANTS "Bring Him Out! Bring Him Out!" AN AVALANCHE OF BOOING AS THE PRISONER APPEARS. SHOUTS OF "Murderer!" AND "Monster!" ETC... A GAVEL BEATS SHARPLY ON A DESK.

MAGISTRATE: Order! There must be order!

FX: THE BOOING CONTINUES. THE GAVEL BANGS AGAIN.

Order! Or I'll clear the square!

FX: MORE SHOUTING. A WEREWOLF SNARL, WHICH TURNS INTO A ROAR. THE TERRIFIED CROWD GOES QUIET.

Stubbe Pieter, on this twenty-eighth day of October in the year of our Lord God fifteen hundred and eighty nine, I do condemn you to public execution for sorcery and the lewd villainies and diverse murders which you have committed in shape of a great wolf.

FX: THE CROWD MUTTERS.

MAGISTRATE: Let first your body be broken on a wheel and your flesh be torn from your bones. Afterward your head will be struck from your body and your carcass burned to ashes.

(VERY PREGNANT PAUSE.)

STUBBE: *(DEEP AND MOCKING. CLOSE IN AT THE MAGISTRATE'S EAR)* Will you dance for me, Magistrate?

MAGISTRATE: Hold... him!

STUBBE: Shall I set the whole of Cologne dancing to my tune?

MAGISTRATE: Hold him down!

(STUBBE GROWLS, MANHANDLED ROUGHLY.)

PRIEST: *(INTONING CLOSE BY)* Have mercy on us, oh God.

Lord have mercy, Christ have mercy... etc.

MAGISTRATE: Take him away. Let God's justice be done.

STUBBE: *(SHOUTING TO CROWD)* Say your prayers, Lutherans.

You've lost your faith. You're nothing but cattle - bound to my will!

FX: THE CROWD ARE STARTING TO SHOUT AGAIN.

MAGISTRATE: Take him from this place. And God have mercy on his soul.

STUBBE: *(LAUGHING AS HE IS DRAGGED AWAY)* Never absolve me! I can never rest! Never! I stalk the Earth for eternity!

FX: HE GIVES A MIGHTY WOLF HOWL.

(FADE)

SCENE 2. ROSA CAIMAN'S AUDIO DIARY

FX: CLICK AS A 21ST CENTURY AUDIO RECORDER SWITCHES ON. OUTDOOR ATMOSPHERE, BUT A BIT TINNY.

ROSA: *(ON PLAYBACK)* Grandpa? This is me, Rosa. I'm gettin' out now.

FX: MICROPHONE "BUMPS" AS SHE JUGGLES IT.

ROSA: Gotta get this diarized. That's crazy, 'cos there's no one to listen, but I gotta do it anyhow, cos if I don't, none of them'll

know if I done what I'm gonna do. Grandpa? I should've laid you in a canoe and pushed you out on the current. But you know I can't do that, 'cos there's been no river for too many moons. So you gotta wait. I buried you in the ol' creek bed - hope it ain't too dusty. Maybe the river'll come back some day. Then it'll wash you down where the ghosts of the forest spirits are waiting for you. I put flowers where I dug you down... and rocks on top so the dillos can't dig you up. The guys from the Mission came by in the air jeep again, but I hid in the water tower. Think they want to send me to the city now you're gone. But someone's gotta stay. Gotta prove who I am. (LAUGHS) S'pose if I do that, they'll say I'm a man. Head of the tribe... Hey, yeah, I gotta...

FX: RECORDER CLUNKS OFF. (BEAT) FX: CLUNKS BACK ON AGAIN.

ROSA: (WHISPERING CLOSE. SHE'S FRIGHTENED) Gotta go, Grandpa. I heard them out beyond the ranch-house. Way off, but I can't stay longer. Like you said, can't stay here. Soon be a fat moon again and there'll be nowhere to hide from the future. When the Loups-garoux (*Loo garoo*) come prowling, we have to hunt them before they hunt us.

FX: RECORDER CLUNKS OFF.

SCENE 3. DOM PEDRO MONORAIL STATION, RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL, 2080-ish.

TANNOY: (IN PORTUGUESE) Bom dia. Isto Estacao Dom Pedro. O centro da cidade velha. Va em frente... (FADES UNDER...)

FX: TARDIS ENGINES MATERIALISING - WHICH TELEPATHICALLY TRANSDUCES THE LANGUAGE INTO ENGLISH FOR US.

TANNOY: (IN ENGLISH) Welcome to Rio. All new arrivals please have passports and identity implants ready for inspection. Under Amazonian State law, it is an offence not to display your id implant within the city. If you have no implant, report to the Immigration Registry Office immediately.

FX: A STREET-BAND STARTS PLAYING A SAMBA. IT MINGLES WITH DISTANT TRAFFIC OF AIR CARS.

SCENE 4. ILEANA'S APARTMENT

FX: DISTANT TRAFFIC (WE'RE MEANT TO BE ON A BALCONY.)

INEZ: Senhora, a delivery for you.

ILEANA: More flowers?

FX: RUSTLE OF CELLOPHANE.

ILEANA: Thank you, Inez.

INEZ: From another admirer? Jorge perhaps? Or Mr Choudhry?

ILEANA: Just the usual admirer.

FX: OPENS THE CARD. A MAWKISHLY SENTIMENTAL TUNE.

GREETINGS CARD VOICE: Thank you for reading this paperfree card. No trees were harmed in the making of this product. Your greeting reads:

LICHTFUSS: (A SPEAKING CARD - ELECTRONICALLY TREATED)

To Senhora de Santos. Ileana, your eyes flash like night wings in the old forest. How soon before our breath mingles in the twilight under the

trees? I await your call.

FX: SHE FLINGS DOWN THE WRAPPED FLOWERS.

ILEANA: Anton Lichtfuss. Cut flowers from a would-be cutclaw.

INEZ: He's very devoted, Senhora.

ILEANA: And that's all he will be. Yapping round me like an excited chihuahua. Inez, you'd better put the flowers in water before he arrives and is insulted.

INEZ: Yes, Senhora.

FX: A WINDOW SLIDES SHUT, CUTTING OUT THE CITY.

INEZ: The bulletins say there's been another killing.

ILEANA: Another?

INEZ: On Ipanema beach this time. The Policia blame the wild dogs.

ILEANA: That's the third in as many days. This city starts to smell of death. I knew it was a mistake to come here.

INEZ: But we always come for Carnaval (*Carn-a-val*), Senhora.

ILEANA: That was my late husband's idea. He loved the crowds and the music. They've always set my teeth on edge. I'd go now, but for Victor's sake.

INEZ: I thought your son looked better today.

ILEANA: That's just the day light. It's the nights that take him the worst. Doctor Hayashi insists there's some change. But I'm not convinced. I can't see any change at all. And I don't think those straps will hold him much longer.

FX: DOOR BUZZ.

ILEANA: Who's that at this time? Not the chihuahua already?

FX: CLICKS ON SCANNER.

INEZ: There's no one outside, Senhora.

ILEANA: Go and look anyway.

FX: DOOR SLIDES OPEN. INEZ GOES OUT.

ILEANA: Well? (*PAUSE*) Inez? (*PAUSE*) Inez?

INEZ: (*COMING BACK*) There's this... (*DISTASTE*) package. A box. It smells of...

ILEANA: Be careful. Put it down.

FX: PARCEL PUT DOWN.

INEZ: Dirty and wet. Mr Lichtfuss would never leave something like that.

ILEANA: (*UNEASY*) I don't think so.

INEZ: The smell. It's old... something rotting.

ILEANA: Yes. (*BEAT*) Let me see the card.

FX: HANDLES THE CARD. A MAWKISHLY SENTIMENTAL TUNE.

GREETINGS CARD VOICE: Thank you for reading this paperfree card. No trees were harmed in the making of this product. Your greeting reads:

STUBBE: (*ELECTRONICALLY TREATED*) A gift to the merchant's daughter.

(*ILEANA GASPS.*)

STUBBE: How many fat moons since I pulled you from the snow?

FX: ILEANA CLOSSES THE CARD QUICKLY.

INEZ: Senhora? Who is it? What's in the box?

ILEANA: (VERY AFRAID) Don't touch it!
INEZ: (SLOW REALISATION) It's leaking blood...
ILEANA: Call Hayashi. And the others. I want them here, Inez.
INEZ: Senhora.
ILEANA: I'll attend to Victor. You get our things packed. We're getting out of Rio now.

SCENE 5. THE SUMMIT OF THE CORCOVADO (THE CHRIST STATUE) OVERLOOKING RIO.

FX: GENERAL CHATTER OF TOURISTS. AN AIR CAR BUZZES PAST & INTO THE DISTANCE.

DOCTOR: Hold still.
FX: CAMERA CLICKS.
DOCTOR: There you are.
TOURIST: Thank you. Thanks very much.
DOCTOR: My pleasure. Have a nice day.
TURLOUGH: (APPROACHING) Doctor, that's the fourth picture you've taken for someone else.
DOCTOR: People come a long way for this view, Turlough.
TURLOUGH: That's a reason why we came too. Remember?
DOCTOR: (DEEP, SATISFIED BREATH) Yes... They say the Corcovado Statue is the best place to see Rio. Amazing, isn't it? And now the smokes of the twenty twenties have lifted... Did you get your *moqueca (mokayka)*?
TURLOUGH: The fish and coconut stew? Not exactly.
DOCTOR: Mm?
TURLOUGH: I think he saw me coming. He wanted twice the amount you gave me.
DOCTOR: Actually I think you're supposed to haggle.
TURLOUGH: He kept going on about ident credit implants. All he'd sell me was this manky-looking burger.
DOCTOR: Yes, well, tomato sauce can hide a multitude of sins.
TURLOUGH: That's what I'm banking on. What I really want to see is the Carnaval.
DOCTOR: It'll be a good three days before it starts in earnest. Can you survive on the local cuisine till then?
TURLOUGH: I might have to spend some time on a hot, sunny Rio beach to compensate.
DOCTOR: Ah. I think at this date, the beaches may be rather overrun by shanty towns. Displaced indians, overflows from the *favelas*. That sort of thing.
TURLOUGH: Not really what I had in mind.
DOCTOR: (TO HIMSELF) No, somehow I thought not.
TURLOUGH: What about you, Doctor?
DOCTOR: (CAUGHT OFF GUARD) Me?
TURLOUGH: Yes, what do you really want?
DOCTOR: Well, I'm not sure I could really... A lot of things, I suppose.
TURLOUGH: Oh, come on. How long have you been travelling? There must be something you've always searched for.
DOCTOR: Perhaps... (BEAT) But I was once told that I'd know

when I found it.

TURLOUGH: And have you?

DOCTOR: What do you think? (*CHEERFULLY CHANGING THE SUBJECT*) Still this view is quite spectacular. Last time I was here the statue of Christ wasn't even built.

TURLOUGH: No?

DOCTOR: That would have been around seventeen hundred, and the bay down there was full of clippers.

TURLOUGH: The chief trade being in gold and sugar.

DOCTOR: And slaves. Like most triumphant enterprises, it had its rotten underbelly. (*TURLOUGH SPLUTTERS*)

TURLOUGH: Ugh! This burger is disgusting. (*SPITS*)

DOCTOR: I had a feeling it might be.

TURLOUGH: No one can eat this. Ugh. It's all greasy and gritty.

(*CALLS*) Here, you.

FX: A DOG BARKS.

TURLOUGH: You mutt. D'you want it? Because I don't.

DOCTOR: Turlough, I'm not sure if that's advisable.

TURLOUGH: Here you are. Go on.

FX: DOG BARK. DEVOURING, CHOMPING NOISES.

TURLOUGH: That's it. At least someone appreciates it. The skinny-looking mongrel was eyeing me up as soon as I bought the burger.

DOCTOR: Still I don't think we should encourage him. Where do you want to go now?

TURLOUGH: Anywhere, Doctor. As long we can get away from it all.

DOCTOR: (*KNOWING*) Get away from it, Turlough? Or get away with it?

TURLOUGH: (*GOOD NATURED*) Probably a bit of both, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Yes, I think I'd go along with that. (*MOVING AWAY*) There's a parade down there in the city. Shall we take a look?

TURLOUGH: You can see that far? Yes. I'd like that. (*REALISES HE'S ALONE*) Doctor? Well, wait for me!

SCENE 6. ILEANA'S APARTMENT. Victor's room.

(*ILEANA AND DR HAYASHI, MIDDLE-AGED AND RATHER PRECISELY VOICED, ARE STRUGGLING WITH VICTOR, ILEANA'S INVALID SON.*)

FX: VICTOR MOANS REPEATEDLY, WITH MORE THAN A HINT OF AN ANIMAL IN PAIN.

ILEANA: (*STRESSED*) Victor, calm down. Quietly, now. We won't hurt you.

FX: VICTOR REACTS ANGRILY.

HAYASHI: Senhora, you must hold him still.

ILEANA: I'm trying to! He's not used to strangers, Hayashi.

(*TO HER SON*) Victor, it's alright. Don't struggle. Mother's here.

FX: VICTOR GIVES A LOW GROWLING GROAN.

ILEANA: There. That's better. Nothing to be afraid of. Doctor Hayashi's here to help. No one's going to hurt you.

HAYASHI: Just one jab.

FX: VICTOR SNARLS IN PAIN.

ILEANA: What are you doing, you idiot! (*TO VICTOR*) It's

alright. Victor. It's alright.

FX: VICTOR'S GROWLING SUBSIDES.

HAYASHI: That's better. Administering his medication is proving more dangerous than I anticipated.

FX: VICTOR IS BREATHING DEEPLY, MORE LIKE A SLEEPING ANIMAL.

ILEANA: *(QUIETLY)* He's sleeping again. Next time be more careful with my son. Come through to the lounge. I have to discuss our departure.

HAYASHI: Senhora, this is ridiculous.

FX: VICTOR'S BREATHING FADES AS THEY LEAVE THE ROOM. A DOOR CLOSES.

ILEANA: I mean it, Hayashi.

HAYASHI: Your son's condition is already critical, if you destabilise him further, I may never be able to effect a change in his... nature.

ILEANA: We have to leave Rio.

HAYASHI: You cannot afford to take him out in public like that.

ILEANA: There is no limit to what I can afford. If necessary your payment can be reviewed.

HAYASHI: No, no. You misunderstand. My equipment, my assistant... all these are difficult to move.

ILEANA: You brought them here. You can re-establish them elsewhere. It will be quiet. With no distractions.

HAYASHI: But why this sudden change? I must know. Where are you going?

FX: DOOR OPENS.

LICHTFUSS: *(ENTERING)* Senhora.

ILEANA: Herr Lichtfuss.

LICHTFUSS: I came immediately. Are you safe?

ILEANA: Yes, yes, Anton. For the moment. Inez is packing. We leave the city at eighteen hundred hours.

LICHTFUSS: So soon? Tell me what has happened. You've had a warning.

ILEANA: Yes. *(AWKWARDLY)* But I can't talk...

HAYASHI: Good afternoon.

LICHTFUSS: *(SHARP)* Who's this...?

ILEANA: Herr Lichtfuss, this is Doctor Matsuo Hayashi.

LICHTFUSS: The physician that you've acquired to treat Victor.

HAYASHI: You said "warning". Does this mean, Senhora, that you have received some sort of threat?

LICHTFUSS: How much do you understand, doctor?

HAYASHI: I have the Senhora's confidence. How else could I attempt to cure her son?

LICHTFUSS: Cure! That's the last thing we want. Ileana, I thought you'd abandoned these fantasies.

ILEANA: They are not fantasies. But we must leave Rio now.

HAYASHI: Have no fear, Senhora. I will not abandon you or your son. Knowing what I know, I can't imagine you'd ever let me walk free. So, where will we be flying to?

LICHTFUSS: Flying?

ILEANA: Flying? Whatever gave you that idea?

(FADE)

SCENE 7. MOUNTAIN TRACK

(THE DOCTOR AND TURLOUGH WALKING)

FX: FOOTSTEPS ON ROUGH GROUND)

TURLOUGH: (STRUGGLING TO KEEP UP) Slow down, Doctor. I didn't think you planned to walk down?

DOCTOR: I thought you'd enjoy the fresh air.

TURLOUGH: I thought we had return tickets on the cog-train.

DOCTOR: Only singles.

TURLOUGH: Well, shouldn't we stick to the road at least? Hang on, they don't do singles.

DOCTOR: Returns are for tourists.

TURLOUGH: I thought we were tourists.

DOCTOR: Really? Yes, I suppose you could look at it like that. Unfortunately you spent the last of our tenable currency on that burger.

(SILENCE APART FROM FOOTSTEPS.)

TURLOUGH: That dog's still following us.

DOCTOR: Just ignore it. It'll soon get bored. You see over to the north east beyond the space ports? That's where the Amazon rain forest used to be.

TURLOUGH: Used to be...

DOCTOR: Up until about twenty years ago.

TURLOUGH: (INCREDULOUS) You mean they finally burnt it all.

DOCTOR: They didn't have to. The Amazon was so intensively farmed, its eco-system completely caved-in. The so-called lung of the world turned into a monumental dust bowl. All the unique wildlife - birds, animals, plants - was decimated.

TURLOUGH: But couldn't anyone try to stop it? Surely someone...

DOCTOR: Lots of people. There was nearly a war. But by then the Earth governments had a new toy. The untapped resources of the Moon and the asteroid belt to exploit.

TURLOUGH: So nobody cared. Humans are so stupid.

DOCTOR: When you've studied humans as long as I have, it's hard not to find them quite endearing.

TURLOUGH: I certainly didn't intend to study them *this* long.

DOCTOR: No? Well, I suppose they can get a bit wearing at times. All those questions. And they never seem to learn from their mistakes.

(ANOTHER SILENCE WITH WALKING.)

TURLOUGH: That dog's still behind us.

DOCTOR: (KEEPING GOING) I know. And a couple more have tagged along.

FX: DOG BARKS, A LITTLE WAY OFF.

TURLOUGH: And more to the right.

DOCTOR: Just keep walking. Don't run.

FX: MORE DOGS BARK ON EITHER SIDE.

TURLOUGH: It's turning into a pack. What do they want?

DOCTOR: They're after food.

TURLOUGH: I haven't got any more food.

DOCTOR: I don't think they're that fussy, Turlough. If we can just get to the road...

FX: A DOG BOUNDS CLOSE AND SNAPS AT THEM.

TURLOUGH: Look out!
(THE DOCTOR SHOUTS IN PAIN.)
FX: CHORUS OF BARKING CIRCLES THEM.

TURLOUGH: Are you hurt?
DOCTOR: Just a little demoralised. They're trying to drive us into a dead end. Look out!
FX: ANOTHER DOG MAKES A SNARLING RUN. HE SNAPS AT TURLOUGH.
(TURLOUGH YELLS.)
FX: MATERIAL RIPS. AND THE DOG BACKS OFF AGAIN.

DOCTOR: Turlough?
TURLOUGH: I never liked this jacket anyway. What do we do?
DOCTOR: Try to divert them. There's an old story about throwing the baby out of the sledge to stop the pursuing wolves.
TURLOUGH: I threw them a burger, Doctor, and that only brought more of them.
DOCTOR: Then give me a hand with this branch.
FX: THE DOCTOR STARTS PULLING AT A BRANCH.

DOCTOR: We'll have to fight our way out as best we can.
TURLOUGH: The wood's tinder dry.
DOCTOR: Exactly. I don't suppose you've got any matches.
TURLOUGH: Sorry.
DOCTOR: *(GOING THROUGH POCKETS)* Now where did I put that magnifying glass?
FX: A CHORUS OF GROWLS DRAWS IN AROUND THEM.

TURLOUGH: Doctor? I don't think there's time for that.
DOCTOR: *(RESIGNED)* Alright. Keep your back to the bushes and stay close to me. That way they've only got one line of attack. Try to tackle one at a time...
FX: THE DOGS ARE DRAWING IN.

DOCTOR: Ready, Turlough.
TURLOUGH: Ready, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Here they come.
FX: THE HOWL OF A DISTANT WOLF. THE OTHER DOGS STOP.

TURLOUGH: What's that?
FX: THE HOWL AGAIN. CLOSER. THE DOGS SCARPER.

TURLOUGH: They're going.
DOCTOR: Come on!
TURLOUGH: What happened? Where did they go?
DOCTOR: We're not staying to find out. Come on.
FX: THEIR FOOTSTEPS START TO STUMBLE AWAY.

TURLOUGH: Something frightened them off.
DOCTOR: There's the road. You were right. We should never have left it.
TURLOUGH: But they just ran.
DOCTOR: Just keep going or we'll miss that parade.
TURLOUGH: Don't tell me then. I don't want to know anyway.
DOCTOR: No, Turlough. I don't think you do. Come on!
FX: WOLF HOWL AGAIN. FADE INTO DISTANCE.

SCENE 8. ILEANA'S APARTMENT

FX: THE DISTANT WOLF HOWL.

ILEANA: Anton, did you hear?
LICHTFUSS: Right across the city. It's another warning. He's marking out his territory.
ILEANA: The Grey One. So many years since I heard that voice. I hoped it might be never again. I was praying it might be just the wind howling in the trees.
LICHTFUSS: You're cold.
ILEANA: It chills me.
LICHTFUSS: Poor Ileana.
ILEANA: I thought the ocean might be a barrier to him. How long have I tried to deny all that darkness, knowing it would always return? Slinking in, the way the moonlight always finds a crack in the shutters.
LICHTFUSS: He must get past me first.
ILEANA: No. We can't make a stand against him. Who knows how powerful he's grown?
LICHTFUSS: I shall challenge him. Most powerful or not...
ILEANA: Don't be a fool. You don't know him.
LICHTFUSS: But I will...
ILEANA: (BEAT) I was afraid Victor would wake. Above all else, I have to protect him. That's why we must get out of Rio now.
LICHTFUSS: With that cutlaw doctor? Is your son really so ill?
ILEANA: There's no change. Why doesn't he change? (BEAT) Until Hayashi came I thought everything was lost. But he's an expert.
LICHTFUSS: A meddler.
ILEANA: He has to be trusted. And we can't stay here. Where's Inez?
LICHTFUSS: We can't run forever, Ileana. The others won't follow.
ILEANA: They'll do as I tell them. Even you, Lichtfuss. For all the attentions you pay me, you must accept that the old world has changed. I won't sway my decision for anyone. I'm still the leader. And my word is still our law.

SCENE 9. STREET IN RIO.

FX: THE CARNAVAL PARADE EXPLODES OUT AT US. A SALSA BAND, DRUMS, WHISTLES.

(THE DOCTOR & TURLOUGH, JOSTLED BY THE CROWD, BOTH MUCH MORE JOVIAL, AND RAISING THEIR VOICES TO HEAR EACH OTHER.)

TURLOUGH: Doctor! Over here! You can get a better view.
DOCTOR: (PUSHING THROUGH) Excuse me. Can I just...? I'm a Doctor. Can I get through please? Thank you. (A CARIOCAN YELP.) Sorry.
TURLOUGH: Look at those bird and animal masks. Some of them are almost alive.
DOCTOR: Fascinating. (BEAT) So is this what you had in mind?
TURLOUGH: Much more like it.
DOCTOR: And the business with the dogs...? I apologise...
TURLOUGH: It's alright. Don't worry. Look at the dancers now! And this isn't even real Carnival yet.
DOCTOR: Glad you like it.
TURLOUGH: I do. Thank you, Doctor. (THOUGHTS IN A SPIN)

Look! Look at the colours on that seashell outfit! Is it all made of flowers? The whole thing must be twenty foot across.

DOCTOR: No, not really. It's amazing what they can do with computer graphics these days.

TURLOUGH: (*NUDGE, NUDGE*) It's amazing how little they can cover with so much.

DOCTOR: Atavistic expressions of the inner human self...

TURLOUGH: I'd call it downright revealing.

DOCTOR: Positively bacchanalian. But what do you expect from a population that spends the rest of the year hunched over computer screens?

FX: SHRILL SYNCOPATED WHISTLE BLOWN BY A PASSING REVELLER.

DOCTOR: And a happy Shrovetide to you too!

TURLOUGH: (*LAUGHING*) Or maybe humans are just plain Earthy.

DOCTOR: (*ALMOST LAUGHING*) Yes. Yes, indeed. But preferable, I'm sure, to the straight-laced rigours of public school.

TURLOUGH: Never again, Doctor. Now this is when you see what humans are really like.

DOCTOR: Oh, please, not too philosophical, Turlough. Not today. (*NOTICES A CONVENIENT DISTRACTION*) Ah... Good heavens, I'm not entirely sure how that stays up.

TURLOUGH: Skill, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Or art...

TURLOUGH: Yes. But I wouldn't stare quite so much if I were you.

DOCTOR: Really?

(*A JINGLING SAMBA GIRL DESCENDS.*)

SAMBA GIRL: Aye. You want to dance?

DOCTOR: Ah...

SAMBA GIRL: Come on, let's dance.

DOCTOR: Er... no, really. Thank you.

SAMBA GIRL: Yes. Let's dance. Do the samba.

(*TURLOUGH IS LAUGHING.*)

DOCTOR: No, it's very kind of you...not just now, really...

SAMBA GIRL: Everybody dances at Carnaval. Come on. Dance with me. I show you how.

DOCTOR: No, erm thank you... please, no.

TURLOUGH: Go on, Doctor! Get in there!

SAMBA GIRL: (*CLAPPING HER HANDS*) Yes. We samba all the way to the Sugarloaf and back again.

DOCTOR: No. Please let go. I'm sorry, I'm saving myself for the big day. Another time perhaps...

SAMBA GIRL: Aye...

TURLOUGH: Don't be such a coward, Doctor. You can.... (*HE STUTTERS AND SHIVERS.*)

FX: THE CROWD AND BAND NOISE FADE AWAY. SOME SORT OF AIR CAR IS HEARD SLOWLY APPROACHING.

DOCTOR: Turlough? What's the matter?

TURLOUGH: (*WITH DIFFICULTY. AS IF HE'S FREEZING*) What is it?

DOCTOR: Don't move. Something's coming through the crowd.

TURLOUGH: I must... get back.

FX: THE SILENT CROWD STARTS TO SHUFFLE.

DOCTOR: No, no, don't go with the crowd. Turlough, listen to me.
TURLOUGH: We have to move. Have to let it through.
FX: THE DRONE OF THE AIR CAR PASSES CLOSE BY & FADES INTO THE DISTANCE.
DOCTOR: Turlough? Listen. I have to follow that car.
(TURLOUGH GROANS)
DOCTOR: Just stay here. I'll be back.
TURLOUGH: *(MUMBLING)* Don't go, Doctor. Wait for me. *(HE SHUDDERS AGAIN)*
FX: AN AUDIBLE & MENACING AURA RISES.
TURLOUGH: Something else coming. Who's that?
FX: SOMETHING GROWLS MENACINGLY LIKE A THREATENED DOG OR WOLF.
TURLOUGH: Those eyes. Black and gold. Don't look. Don't look.
FX: THE AURA CONTINUES.
TURLOUGH: *(HARDLY DARING TO ASK)* Who are you? *(BEAT)*
Don't look at me like that.
STUBBE: Good day to you, young stranger. What fierce eyes you have.
TURLOUGH: Like you then, aren't I.
(STUBBE GIVES A LOW GROWL)
TURLOUGH: What do you want?
STUBBE: Got any food for a hungry wanderer? *(BEAT)* No? Perhaps I was wrong. I was told there was a young fellow with food to throw away. A hunter, I thought. But you have the lean, hungry look of a common jackal.
TURLOUGH: *(SWALLOWS)* Leave me alone.
STUBBE: For the moment. There was a forest here once, but the cutclaws tore it down and set us wolves running.
TURLOUGH: *(SARCASTIC)* Oh yes, of course they did.
STUBBE: And we run fast, young stranger.
TURLOUGH: I've seen better wolf masks in third rate horror films.
(STUBBE GROWLS. HE COMES IN CLOSE. TURLOUGH SHIVERS.)
STUBBE: Once we have a scent, we never lose it. Don't stray too far from the path. Because I'll be waiting.
FX: THE AURA FADES.
TURLOUGH: *(EXHAUSTED)* Doctor, where the hell have you gone?
FX: THE CROWD STARTS TO STIR. BUT THERE'S NO MORE MUSIC.
DOCTOR: *(APPROACHING)* Turlough! There you are. *(ON AN EXCITABLE TRAIN OF THOUGHT)* That hover limo. The crowd parted like the Red Sea to let it through.
TURLOUGH: *(QUIET)* I don't... really remember...
DOCTOR: Interesting. Probably couldn't help yourself. Could have been some sort of mass auto suggestion. Even a basic instinctive fear, driving you back. You look cold.
TURLOUGH: Yes.
DOCTOR: You've dropped your jacket.
TURLOUGH: Sorry.
DOCTOR: Couldn't see who was inside the car though. The windows were polarised. I wonder why it was pushing through the crowd when all the traffic lanes are thirty feet overhead? Mind you, if

it's moving at ground level that makes it easier to follow. (*SUDDENLY NOTICES.*) Turlough? You do look very cold.

TURLOUGH: (*RALLYING A LITTLE*) Something else came through. After you'd gone.

DOCTOR: I didn't see anything. Was it following the car?

TURLOUGH: It came right up to me.

DOCTOR: Really.

TURLOUGH: It kept growling. And it was tall... with a mask like a wolf and burning gold eyes. (*WISHES HE HADN'T THOUGHT THIS*) At least I think it was a mask.

DOCTOR: Did you speak to it?

TURLOUGH: (*SHARP*) No.

DOCTOR: Pity. (*BEAT*) That car was heading for the old *Dom Pedro* station.

TURLOUGH: Where we left the TARDIS.

DOCTOR: Nasty thoughts are like buses, Turlough.

TURLOUGH: Mmm?

DOCTOR: You don't see one for ages and then a whole army come along together. Come on!

(*FADE*)

SCENE 10. ESTACAO DOM PEDRO CONCOURSE

(*JORGE, WHO IS OLDER, MEETS ILEANA AND HER PARTY - LICHTFUSS, INEZ & HAYASHI*)

FX: A HOVER CAR DRAWS UP AND SETTLES. THE DOOR OPENS.

JORGE: (*APPROACHING*) Senhora. I was starting to worry.

ILEANA: The Carnival crowds delayed us, Jorge, but they may help muddy our tracks. Where's the train?

JORGE: It's all prepared and programmed. Inez. Herr Lichtfuss. Are we all here?

ILEANA: If we stand about, we'll attract attention. We must keep my son out of sight.

LICHTFUSS: He's still sleeping. Jorge, help us with the hover-gurney.

JORGE: (*A DEEP GRUMBLING GROWL OF DISTASTE*) Are these the physicians?

ILEANA: Doctor Hayashi.

HAYASHI: And this is my assistant, Juro.

ILEANA: They come with us. I told you this already.

JORGE: (*COLD*) This way, Senhora.

FX: FOOTSTEPS AS THEY CROSS THE CONCOURSE

JORGE: Inez, where's Kanu Choudhry? I thought he'd meet us.

INEZ: (*UNCOMFORTABLE*) Mr Choudhry is not coming.

LICHTFUSS: You didn't tell me that. (*TO ILEANA*) Senhora? Has he finally slunk away, tail between his legs?

ILEANA: It's something I'll explain to you later.

LICHTFUSS: (*SNEERS*) Not in front of the cutclaws...

ILEANA: Never say that again, Lichtfuss! Never ever! Any more whining and I'll...

FX: THE FOOTSTEPS FALTER.

JORGE: What's that? (*DEEP BREATH*) Do you catch it?
INEZ: (*BREATH*) What is it?
(THEY'VE CAUGHT A SCENT WHICH SENDS THEM INTO A BIZARRE AND SLOW REVERIE - THE MUSIC COULD EMPHASISE THIS.)
JORGE: It's like nothing I've ever...
ILEANA: Ancient... a scent like... stillness.
LICHTFUSS: Like coming snow...
JORGE: No, no. Like breaking ice on the rivers in spring.
ILEANA: The scent after the lightning before the thunder.
INEZ: Or fields after rain.
ILEANA: And the oldest forests. Under the dark fir trees...
LICHTFUSS: (*ANGRY GROWL*) Almost... unearthly...
HAYASHI: (*URGENT*) Senhora. Senhora, we should move.
ILEANA: What? What is it, Hayashi?
HAYASHI: We are being watched. The train. Please. Hurry.
(PAUSE)

SCENE 11. THE SAME (ESTACAO DOM PEDRO CONCOURSE)

DOCTOR: It's alright, Turlough, they're moving again.
TURLOUGH: I thought they'd seen us for a minute. At least they're nowhere near the TARDIS.
DOCTOR: That's true. Can you see them better now?
TURLOUGH: Sort of. But it's hard to focus. My brain knows they're there because you tell me, but it's a job to convince my eyes.
DOCTOR: Because they don't want to be seen.
TURLOUGH: I don't want to see them either. I thought fur coats like that would have been outlawed years ago.
DOCTOR: They're heading the gurney towards that monorail.
TURLOUGH: You said only freight travels by train these days.
DOCTOR: Or livestock. Maybe I was wrong. (*MOVING OFF*) If that's a body they're pushing, maybe I should pay my respects.
TURLOUGH: Oh no, Doctor. Come back. Not through there.
FX: AN ALARM TWITTERS.
TANNOY: Alert. You have breached security barrier seven. Stay where you are. (*CONTINUES UNDER*) Have your passports and identity implants ready for inspection.
DOCTOR: Aha. So that's it.
TURLOUGH: Doctor!
DOCTOR: Look at the crest on the side of the carriage.
TURLOUGH: Doctor, we can't stay here.
DOCTOR: Familio de Santos. Just like royalty. Fancy a trip on a royal train, Turlough?
TURLOUGH: Doctor, it's not our business. Maybe it's a private funeral.
FX: THE TRAIN STARTS TO POWER UP.
DOCTOR: One that clears the streets by auto suggestion? With something nasty like a hungry wolf following the cortege?
TURLOUGH: It was just a mask... part of the Carnival.
DOCTOR: Now you're trying to delude yourself. Which is exactly what they want. (*URGENT*) Come on. (*MOVING OFF*) We've a train to catch.

SCENE 12. STATION PLATFORM

TANNOY: Remain where you are on platform seven. Passports and identity implants must be shown to the immigration inspection module.

INEZ: *(CUTTING OVER LAST SPEECH)* Senhora, come inside. The train is ready to leave.

ILEANA: That scent again, Inez. There he is.

DOCTOR: *(DISTANT)* Hello!

FX: WARNING DOOR-CLOSING BLIPS.

INEZ: Senhora, the doors. Quickly.

FX: THE TRAIN DOOR CLOSES WITH A GUSH. FX: THE HUM OF THE TRAIN INTERIOR.

ILEANA: How strange.

INEZ: Come away from the window, Senhora. We must attend your son. Senhora?

SCENE 13. STATION PLATFORM

(THE DOCTOR AND TURLOUGH OUTSIDE THE TRAIN)

TURLOUGH: What's she staring at?

DOCTOR: Me, I think. *(BEAT. THEN LOUDLY)* Please, I must speak to you.

FX: THE TRAIN STARTS TO PULL AWAY.

DOCTOR: *(GESTICULATING)* Look. I am the Doctor and this is...

TURLOUGH: Too late.

DOCTOR: I have to speak to her.

TURLOUGH: Doctor. Here comes trouble.

FX: THE WHIRR OF A ROBOTIC INSPECTOR ARRIVING.

(ALTHOUGH IT HAS THE SAME VOICE AS THE ECHOING TANNOY, THE INSPECTOR SOUNDS LIKE A POLITE AND RATHER ORDINARY AIRLINE HOSTESS - NOT THE CLICHED LEMON-SOAKED NAPKINS VARIETY.)

INSPECTOR: Your passports please, senhors.

TANNOY: Display your passports and identity grafts to the immigration inspection module now.

DOCTOR: This train. Where's it going?

INSPECTOR: You are in a restricted area. If you have no passport, please display your state identity grafts now.

DOCTOR: I want to know about that train.

INSPECTOR: Under Amazonian State law, it is an offence not to display your ID implant within the city boundaries.

TURLOUGH: Not listening.

INSPECTOR: Please display your genome ID grafts, senhors. Failure to do so may result in a fine or imprisonment.

FX: DOCTOR RAPS HIS KNUCKLES ON THE METAL TICKET INSPECTOR.

DOCTOR: Hello? Do your limited responses include a timetable? Or was that train a specially chartered service?

INSPECTOR: If you have a personal credit-rating code recognised by any major international bank, please display now.

TURLOUGH: I think it wants a bribe.

DOCTOR: Well, it's out of luck.

FX: ELECTRONIC WHIZZ AND METALLIC CLAMP.

DOCTOR: Agh. That's my arm you're twisting off!

INSPECTOR: A credit rating of nil is also an offence within the city central boundaries.

TURLOUGH: Hold still, Doctor. If I can prise that open...

DOCTOR: Overgrown shopping trolley!

INSPECTOR: Under Amazonian State law, assaulting an inspecting officer is a punishable offence.

TURLOUGH: Oh, shut up.

FX: *ELECTRONIC WHIZZ AND METALLIC CLAMP.*

TURLOUGH: Ow! Get off, me!

(BOTH INSPECTOR AND TANNOY BURBLE AT ONCE)

INSPECTOR: Fines for not displaying an ID may not be less than five thousand credits or a prison term of no less than six months. Please accompany me to the Immigration Register Office immediately.

TANNOY: Emergency procedures. Assistance is required on platform seven. Two illegal immigrants are resisting arrest.

TURLOUGH: I can't get free!

FX: *A FEARSOME ANIMAL SNARL.*

(TURLOUGH YELLS)

FX: *BITS OF METAL CLUNK & SPIN ACROSS THE PLATFORM. ELECTRO BURBLES OF PROTEST.*

TANNOY: Emergency! Assistance required on platform seven.
(THE TANNOY CONTINUES RANTING.)

DOCTOR: There it goes.

TURLOUGH: Ow, my arm. What was it? I didn't see. It was so fast.

DOCTOR: A huge wolf.

TURLOUGH: *(UNNERVED)* A wolf?

DOCTOR: Yes. A massive grey animal. Bounding after the monorail.

TURLOUGH: Doctor, we can't stay here.

DOCTOR: No. We have to warn them. Back to the TARDIS quickly. There's more than one way to catch a train.

SCENE 14. TRAIN INTERIOR - ILEANA'S APARTMENT.

FX: *HUM OF THE TRAVELLING MONORAIL.*

HAYASHI: Your son is growing weaker, Senhora.

ILEANA: By that, I assume that you mean his dark side is growing stronger.

HAYASHI: Until we reach our destination, wherever that is, I must increase the dosage of inhibitor drugs. If only for our own safety.

ILEANA: I want a cure, Hayashi. Not a delay.

HAYASHI: Impossible until I have proper medical facilities. To treat your son was my own calculated risk, but now both my assistant and I are endangered by circumstances beyond our control.

FX: *THE DOOR SLIDES OPEN.*

ILEANA: There is no danger. Just concentrate on a cure for my son.

LICHTFUSS: No danger, Ileana? Then who was the stranger at the station?

ILEANA: This is my private carriage, Herr Lichtfuss. What do you all want?

INEZ: We are all concerned, Senhora.
JORGE: Who was that at the station? Was it Him?
ILEANA: (*SARCASTIC*) You think that was the Grey One, Jorge? Did he look grey?
LICHTFUSS: Then who was it?
INEZ: Perhaps you have a rival, mein herr.
ILEANA: He was a stranger, that's all. I've never seen him before.
JORGE: But he saw us, Senhora.
LICHTFUSS: Is he a rival? If he is, Ileana, I'll lay his skin at your feet.
INEZ: (*MOCKING*) Such gallantry.
JORGE: (*JOINING IN*) We'll turn the train round for you now.
ILEANA: Be quiet, all of you. Doctor Hayashi, please forgive us. You are our guest.
HAYASHI: But I'm eager to learn your ways, Senhora.
LICHTFUSS: One stranger after another.
ILEANA: The stranger at the station means nothing. Get that into your head. He was just an inquisitive cutclaw.
LICHTFUSS: He didn't smell like *nothing*.
ILEANA: (*ANGRY*) God! Why is everyone always so young! You're always questioning me. Always snapping at my heels. If you don't believe the danger we left, then I'll show you. Maybe that'll put a stop to your whining.

SCENE 15. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

FX: HUM OF THE TARDIS INTERIOR. BUZZ OF CLOSING DOOR.

DOCTOR: How's your shoulder?
TURLOUGH: It hurts. How about yours?
DOCTOR: Still workable. Next time I'll buy a platform ticket.
FX: THE DOCTOR FLICKS SWITCHES.
TURLOUGH: At the risk of sounding human...
DOCTOR: A question about what happened? Yes, of course.
TURLOUGH: The wolf you saw.
DOCTOR: Wolf- like.
TURLOUGH: But with golden eyes?
DOCTOR: Difficult to say. It was moving so fast. And it wasn't standing on its hindlegs.
TURLOUGH: Mine was.
DOCTOR: I thought it might have been.
FX: FLICKS MORE SWITCHES. TARDIS DEMATERIALISATION SEQUENCE STARTS.
TURLOUGH: Oh, no. You're not going after it. What about the Carnival?
DOCTOR: Those people are in danger, Turlough. And if I can't catch a train, I can always go ahead and meet it.

SCENE 16. TRAIN INTERIOR - ILEANA'S APARTMENT.

(ILEANA, LICHTFUSS, JORGE AND HAYASHI WAIT AS INEZ BRINGS IN THE BOX THAT WAS DELIVERED TO ILEANA'S APARTMENT.)

FX: HUM OF THE TRAVELLING MONORAIL.

ILEANA: (GRAVE) Put the box down here, Inez. Then they can all see why we had to leave.

FX: BOX PUT ON A TABLE. RUSTLE OF POLYTHENE WRAPPER.

ILEANA: This gift was delivered to my apartment this morning.

JORGE: There's blood on it.

LICHTFUSS: (STERN) Ileana, your physician is still here.

HAYASHI: Forgive me, Senhora, I'm intruding.

ILEANA: Stay here, Hayashi.

HAYASHI: I must attend to your son.

LICHTFUSS: Excellent idea.

ILEANA: And I want you to stay! We don't have secrets from you. How can we? Whatever Herr Lichtfuss thinks.

LICHTFUSS: It's no secret what I think.

FX: POLYTHENE RUSTLES.

JORGE: This blood. (SNIFFS) It's a day old at least. But I can't place the smell.

LICHTFUSS: Jorge, let me see.

FX: POLYTHENE PULLED BACK.

LICHTFUSS: There's a card.

ILEANA: The Grey One sends gifts as well. Open it, Anton.

FX: CARD RUSTLES. THE MAWKISH CARD MUSIC AGAIN.

GREETINGS CARD VOICE: Thank you for reading this paperfree card. No trees were harmed in the making of this product. Your greeting reads:

STUBBE (THE CARD): "A gift to the merchant's daughter. How many fat moons since I pulled you from the snow?"

LICHTFUSS: Is that him?

ILEANA: Who else. It's why we left Rio. Open the box.

FX: BOX COVER PULLED OFF.

(LICHTFUSS DRAWS HIS BREATH SHARPLY THROUGH HIS TEETH. JORGE GASPS.)

JORGE: Kanu Chowdhry!

LICHTFUSS: (SLOW, ANGRY) His head.

STUBBE: "And when the moon is fat again, I shall wrap you in its silver sheen and blood will feed the forest."

LICHTFUSS: (JEALOUS) What does he mean?

ILEANA: This is why I took you away from the city. It's why I've called a council.

JORGE: You've called the others?

ILEANA: As many as would listen.

LICHTFUSS: No one's done that ever.

ILEANA: There's never been a threat like this till now.

HAYASHI: Senhora, the head. May I see please?

LICHTFUSS: Don't touch that!

ILEANA: Let him see.

FX: MORE RUSTLED POLYTHENE.

HAYASHI: (ANALYTICAL) Hmm. Yes. Very ferocious. I think you were wise to leave when you did.

LICHTFUSS: Before we all have our heads torn off?

HAYASHI: No, not torn. There's a lot of blood clogged in his fur, but the actual severance is comparatively clean. You'd need very

powerful jaws to take the head off like that. Just one bite, I think.

LICHTFUSS: Monster!

(HAYASHI GASPS AS LICHTFUSS GRABS HIM BY THE THROAT.)

ILEANA: Stop it! Lichtfuss, let him go!

FX: A HIGH REPEATING TRILL STARTLES THEM. IT KEEPS TRILLING.

ILEANA: Don't answer that!

JORGE: But it could be the others. Waiting for us.

ILEANA: No. Look at the screen. That caller ID. Don't touch it.

Don't touch it!

FX: THE TRILL GOES ON GETTING LOUDER.

SCENE 17. TARDIS INTERIOR

FX: TARDIS IN FLIGHT HUM.

DOCTOR: Now, at an average speed of four hundred and two point three five kph...

FX: RUSTLES MAP.

DOCTOR: It should reach these coordinates in about four and a quarter minutes... or so.

TURLOUGH: Doctor, where are we?

DOCTOR: We'll just hover here for a while.

TURLOUGH: Don't answer my question then.

DOCTOR: Coordinates ... 51 degrees West by 16 degrees South. The northern end of the Mantiqueira Tunnel. Otherwise known as the lower regions of the Amazon Desert. And from the look of it, a pretty dismal and dusty place it is too.

TURLOUGH: And have you got the year right?

DOCTOR: No need to be sarcastic.

TURLOUGH: We're on the monorail track!

DOCTOR: Three inches above it, to be precise. As I said, we're in hover mode. I just hope it's the north-bound track.

TURLOUGH: I don't believe this. You're waiting for that train.

DOCTOR: Exactly. And allowing for any leaves on the line, which is doubtful in this ecologically catastrophic day and age, it's due any time now. I hope we're not too late.

TURLOUGH: You're crazy. You've put us right in its path.

DOCTOR: As I say, I'm getting rather better at these precision manoeuvres.

FX: A DISTANT, BUT APPROACHING, TRAIN RUMBLE.

TURLOUGH: Doctor. There are lights...

DOCTOR: Good, good. Now when the train comes through, I simply jump the TARDIS forward ten seconds in time...

TURLOUGH: It's coming! Doctor! The train!

FX: TRAIN CLAXON.

DOCTOR: ...but not in space!

TURLOUGH: DOCTOR!!!

FX: TRAIN ROAR. TRAIN CLAXON AGAIN. TARDIS VWORP CUT BY LURCHING SCREECH. ALMIGHTY CRASH.

CLOSING MUSIC.

NOTE: SCENE 18 DELETED FROM PART 1

PART TWO

SCENE 19. ROSA CAIMAN'S AUDIO DIARY

FX: ROSA'S RECORDER CLUNKS ON.

ROSA: *(ON PLAYBACK)* The moon's rising, grandpa. Don't know how far I walked, but I ain't seen no one 'xcept the dillos. But grandpa, I found it. The shining path cutting across the desert. Put my ear to it and there was this roar. A long way off, heck yes, and well angry. Maybe it's coming my way, but am I scared? And how!
(SHIVERS) Still two nights to full moon, grandpa. Future won't be long now. That's what I heard on the path. So I'm just staying put. Future'll find me when it's hungry. I'm ready. I just have to sit and wait.

(BEAT)

FX: IN ANSWER COMES A DISTANT WOLF HOWL.

THE TRAIN ROAR OUT OF NOWHERE.

TRAIN CLAXON. TARDIS VWORP CUT BY A LURCHING SCREECH AND ALMIGHTY CRASH.

SCENE 20. MONORAIL BAGGAGE CAR.

FX: HUM OF THE TRAIN INTERIOR.

(PAUSE)

FX: THE TARDIS'S EXTERNAL DOOR OPENS. FOOTSTEPS AS THE DOCTOR & TURLOUGH EMERGE.

TURLOUGH: *(SARCASTIC)* Yes, Doctor. You're definitely getting better at these short jumps.

DOCTOR: Yes, as leapfrog manoeuvres go, that was rather nifty. Even if I say so myself.

TURLOUGH: And hardly any damage to the TARDIS at all.

DOCTOR: Thank you. *(TAKING IN THE SURROUNDINGS)*
Baggage.

TURLOUGH: I'm sorry?

DOCTOR: It's a baggage car, Turlough. Albeit an empty one.

TURLOUGH: Very impressive. *(BEAT)* Quiet, isn't it?

DOCTOR: I just hope we're not too late.

SCENE 21. VICTOR'S APARTMENT.

FX: THE TRAIN RUSHES THROUGH. (A SORT OF AUDIO EQUIVALENT OF AN ESTABLISHING OR LINKING SHOT.)

THEN BACK TO TRAIN INTERIOR WITH A POSSIBLE BLEEPING LAB NOISE? A DOOR SLIDES OPEN.

HAYASHI: *(COMING IN)* Jura? I've got the go-ahead to keep this brute dosed up until we... *(PAUSE.)* Jura? Where are you now? *(SEES SOMETHING ALARMING.)* What's happened, you idiot?

FX: PULLS BACK BLANKET.

HAYASHI: *(SHOCKED)* Torn the restraints apart. Jura?! Where's Victor? Where are you?

FX: METAL DISH CLANGS TO THE FLOOR.

HAYASHI: Jura?

FX: A LOW ANIMAL GROWL STARTS.

HAYASHI: (*BACKING OFF*) Oh, no. Oh, no.

FX: THE GROWL ERUPTS INTO A VULPINE SNARL.

(*HAYASHI YELLS.*)

FX: A CASCADE OF PANS & INSTRUMENTS HITS THE FLOOR.

SCENE 22. ILEANA'S APARTMENT

ILEANA: It's all coming together, Inez. I've finally spoken to Tino.

INEZ: He took his time, Senhora.

ILEANA: Don't sound so surprised. There's a lot to prepare at the ranch. Inez, he says the others are already arriving.

INEZ: So soon?

ILEANA: Yes. Oh, don't look so despondent. This is extraordinary. Some of them are legends. Ernst Boxen of Morbach walked in out of the desert at noon. Followed by Selina of Greifswald.

INEZ: Selina? Heavens, however old must she be?

ILEANA: And the Misters Maugrim and Talbot. And Billy Redtooth of the Cherokee.

INEZ: Senhora, is this wise?

ILEANA: It's certainly dangerous. But I've considered it long enough. Isn't that what people do? Consider things. That has to be better than blind instinct. And so many lost souls have answered my call already.

INEZ: Are they lost? You may have to convince them of that.

ILEANA: If they can come so soon...

INEZ: Then so can the Grey One, Senhora.

ILEANA: That's why we left Rio. Jorge says we'll reach the old cattle station within three hours. And Tino will be there to meet us. We can't turn back now.

FX: A DISTANT SCUFFLE APPROACHES. A DOOR SLIDES OPEN.

HAYASHI: (*DISTRAUGHT*) Let go of me!

LICHTFUSS: Get back, cutclaw.

HAYASHI: Let me through! Senhora, I must see you.

ILEANA: What this?

HAYASHI: He's dead. I must speak to the Senhora!

ILEANA: Who's dead?

(*HAYASHI GASPS IN PAIN*)

HAYASHI: Put me down!

ILEANA: Lichtfuss! Put him down! Lichtfuss!

FX: CLUMP AS HAYASHI HITS THE FLOOR.

ILEANA: What does he want? Who's dead?

LICHTFUSS: Your son is missing.

ILEANA: Victor?

HAYASHI: (*PAINFULLY STANDING*) He's broken his restraints. And Jura has vanished!

LICHTFUSS: His assistant.

HAYASHI: There's blood everywhere.

ILEANA: Victor? Victor would never do that.

HAYASHI: He's a monster, isn't he? It's his nature. He has

devoured my assistant!

LICHTFUSS: (STARTS TO LAUGH) If only he had.

ILEANA: What has happened to my son?

INEZ: (GASPS WITH SUDDEN FEAR) Wait, all of you.

(BEAT) There. Do you catch it?

ILEANA: That scent again. The one we caught at the station.

LICHTFUSS: What is that?

INEZ: It smells like... No, that's absurd. You remember the fields at Antwerp, where they harvested the white celery?

LICHTFUSS: That stranger...

ILEANA: (SHARP) No. Not him. It's the Grey One. He's with us Here on the train. He killed your assistant. And now he's stolen my son!

SCENE 23. KITCHEN GALLEY

FX: THE TRAIN SHOOTS PAST.

INTERIOR SOUND. THE MUSIC TELLS US SOMETHING IS LURKING. WE HEAR ITS GROWLED BREATHS. THEN IT STOPS, STARTLED AS WE HEAR TURLOUGH AND THE DOCTOR IN THE DISTANCE.

TURLOUGH: It's the first train I've ever been on that had no passengers or crew.

DOCTOR: It would be after your time that British Rail was privatised.

FX: THE LURKER WITHDRAWS WITH A GROWL AS THEY APPROACH.

TURLOUGH: You mean it got worse?

DOCTOR: Oh, much.

FX: A METAL SPOON CLATTERS TO THE FLOOR.

TURLOUGH: (WHISPER) What was that?

DOCTOR: With luck, just a restless cheese and tomato roll.

TURLOUGH: This is the food galley. Not very sanitary, is it?

DOCTOR: No. And someone's left the meat store open. How very careless... (SEES SOMETHING NASTY) Ah...

TURLOUGH: What is it?

DOCTOR: No, Turlough. That's not a good idea.

TURLOUGH: Why? What's going... Oh, no.

DOCTOR: Sorry, Turlough.

TURLOUGH: Horrible. His face.

DOCTOR: (RESONANCE CHANGES AS HE WALKS INSIDE) Yes.

It's a shock.

TURLOUGH: I should be used to... I mean, I've seen things... but hung up there...

DOCTOR: I know.

TURLOUGH: With the other meat.

DOCTOR: (EXAMINING THE CORPSE) The ambient temperature of this store must be about three degrees celsius. But he's still warm. So it's a recent death.

TURLOUGH: I can tell that by the blood. Is this the body they were carrying at the station?

DOCTOR: Hard to tell. He's of Asian origin. Nasty jagged wounds. More like teeth marks.

TURLOUGH: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Probably caused by some sort of large carnivore.

TURLOUGH: In the corner, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Hmm? Oh, yes indeed. Quite like that.

TURLOUGH: Don't touch it.

DOCTOR: The severed head of a wolf. No, not quite a wolf. Bigger. Less vulpine, more...

TURLOUGH: Man like? His eyes are blue. What's it doing in a box? Looks as if it's been gift-wrapped.

DOCTOR: Was this what you saw at the Carnaval?

TURLOUGH: I don't know. What did you see at the station?

(BEAT) Maybe we are too late. Maybe they've caught the killer already.

DOCTOR: No blood on its jaws. And it's cold. It's been dead a couple of days at least. Look at the neck. That wasn't severed neatly. The whole head's been bitten off.

TURLOUGH: By something bigger?

DOCTOR: *(CAUTIOUS)* Turlough, don't move.

TURLOUGH: What?

DOCTOR: Don't be surprised, but we are not alone. *(BRIGHTLY)* How do you do? I'm the Doctor..

TURLOUGH: Where? There's no one here.

DOCTOR: *(LESS OPTIMISTIC)*...and this is Turlough.

LICHTFUSS: Another bloody doctor, Jorge.

JORGE: Two lambs who strayed from the flock, Herr Lichtfuss.

LICHTFUSS: And this is not the way back to the sheepfold.

DOCTOR: Excuse me.

TURLOUGH: *(HALF LAUGHING)* Doctor, what are you doing?

DOCTOR: *(TESTILY)* Being polite. They're right in front of you. Can you really not see them?

TURLOUGH: Who?

DOCTOR: Then just stay still. Don't move.
(JORGE AND LICHTFUSS ARE CONSTANTLY MOVING ROUND THE DOCTOR AND TURLOUGH)

JORGE: *(SNIFFS)* You see? Celery. Inez was right. But all mixed up with... some sort... no, several sorts of musk. Like nothing I've ever caught before. Reminds me of places I've never heard of.

LICHTFUSS: *(ALSO SNIFFING)* He's no Grey One.

DOCTOR: Please take your hand off my coat. Ow! No need to be vicious.

JORGE: He's no cutclaw either. Neither's the other one.

TURLOUGH: *(BORED)* Well, sorry Doctor, but I can't see anyone.

DOCTOR: Neither of them?

TURLOUGH: Neither? How many of them are there?

JORGE: *(SNIFFING)* This one smells of... cooked meat. Horse meat? Maybe goat. But very old at any rate.

DOCTOR: Leave my friend alone, please. Turlough, they're playing with your perception. Just listen to me.

LICHTFUSS: The young one's more susceptible. What shall we do with him? Drive him off the train?

DOCTOR: I said, leave my friend alone. And let go of me!

JORGE: *(TO TURLOUGH'S LEFT)* RRRRRRRuff!

TURLOUGH: Agh! What is it? Who's there?

DOCTOR: Leave him alone. Turlough! I'm here!

JORGE: (TO TURLOUGH'S RIGHT) RRRuff. Go back!
(TURLOUGH GASPS)

DOCTOR: Look at me, Turlough.

TURLOUGH: I can't see you.

DOCTOR: Then listen. I'm over here.

TURLOUGH: Where? It's all foggy. Doctor, where are you? I can't see anyone!

*FX: METAL CUTLERY CLATTERS DOWN.
(LICHTFUSS STARTS TO LAUGH)*

DOCTOR: Don't try to look. Shut your eyes.

JORGE: (TO TURLOUGH'S LEFT) Go this way.

TURLOUGH: No!

JORGE: RRuff RRRuff. (INSTANT MOVE TO TURLOUGH'S RIGHT) Go that. (CONTINUES RRUFFING ETC)

TURLOUGH: No. Please! I can't stop myself.

DOCTOR: Shut your eyes and reach straight in front of you, Turlough. No, not that way!

LICHTFUSS: Yes, that way.

JORGE: RRuff. RRuff. Straight for the door.
FX: THE DOOR SLIDES OPEN. ROAR OF WIND AND RUSHING COUNTRYSIDE. A DOOR ALARM SOUNDS.

DOCTOR: Turlough! Crouch down! Then you can't move.

TURLOUGH: I must get away!

JORGE: Go on! Jump!

DOCTOR: Turlough, no!

FX: THE HOWL OF A WOLF CUTS THROUGH ALL THE TURMOIL.

LICHTFUSS: It's him! There he is!

JORGE: What?

LICHTFUSS: He's there! Along there. I saw him! (HURRYING AWAY) Leave these two.
(TURLOUGH COLLAPSES)

FX: THEY SCRAMBLE AWAY. THE DOOR CLOSES SHUTTING OUT THE ROW FROM OUTSIDE. THE ALARM STOPS.

DOCTOR: Turlough. Turlough, can you see me?

TURLOUGH: (WOOZY) Yes.

DOCTOR: Just go gently.

TURLOUGH: Think you were right about auto suggestion. Didn't have a thought in my head that was mine. Did I nearly jump off the train?

DOCTOR: Very nearly, yes.

TURLOUGH: Did you stop me?

DOCTOR: No, no, Turlough, I couldn't. They were putting the idea in your head. Fortunately they found something else more important to chase.

INEZ: They'll forget a fat sheep to go and chase a skinny rat.
(TURLOUGH JUMPS AS INEZ SPEAKS)

DOCTOR: Boa noite (*noyti*), senhorita.

INEZ: Good evening, senhor. When their blood's up, a common flea could out-think them.

DOCTOR: Making people jump seems to be a habit round here.

I'm the Doctor and this is Turlough.

INEZ: Were you hurt?

DOCTOR: How considerate. Turlough? Are you hurt?

TURLOUGH: Only scarred mentally. Nothing that'll show.

INEZ: Senhor, my mistress wants to speak with you.

DOCTOR: Indeed. No doubt she's travelling First Class. With none of the annoying disadvantages that lesser passengers in Steerage have to suffer.

INEZ: She is waiting.

SCENE 24. TRAIN CARRIAGE

FX: CHANGE TO DIFFERENT TRAIN SOUND PERSPECTIVE. A DOOR SLIDES OPEN.

LICHTFUSS: Not a whiff of the Grey One, Jorge. No spoor, no fumet.

JORGE: Even he couldn't get far. Not if he's just eaten.

LICHTFUSS: That was Victor that we saw, not the Grey One.

JORGE: Your eyes are sharper than mine, Lichtfuss.

LICHTFUSS: And I'll warrant it was him who chewed up Hayashi's assistant.

JORGE: Poor little Victor. Still no change then. Stuck like that. He was a playful chap when he was a whelp. Had the run of the pampas. He used to love to fetch a ball.

LICHTFUSS: Before he got a taste for gaucho.

JORGE: Oh, his mother's too strict with him. It's no good trying to stifle his natural instincts. That's what's led to all this trouble in the first place.

LICHTFUSS: She has her instincts too. Why else do you think the Grey One has come?

JORGE: For Victor. That's what she said.

LICHTFUSS: He's come for her, not Victor. We all heard his call across the city. And we saw what happened to Kanu Choudhry.

JORGE: The Grey One. That's a dark name. The old stories say he's cunning.

LICHTFUSS: The First and Most Powerful. But would you know him if you smelt him?

JORGE: *(SUDDENLY AFRAID)* The strangers. Celery and goat chop.

LICHTFUSS: The ones we let go.

JORGE: But suppose one of them was the Grey One. In the stories, he's the master of shapes and delusion.

LICHTFUSS: That's very cunning indeed. Making us think we could throw them off the train. But if he's come for Ileana...

JORGE: Better hurry, mein herr. Before you lose your favours.

SCENE 25. VICTOR'S ROOM

FX: DOOR SLIDES OPEN.

(INEZ USHERS THE DOCTOR AND TURLOUGH INTO ILEANA AND HAYASHI'S PRESENCE.)

INEZ: This way, Senhores.

ILEANA: (*SLOW BREATH*) Extraordinary...

DOCTOR: How do you do, Senhora? I apologise for intruding on your privacy. I'm the Doctor and this is...

HAYASHI: (*CUTTING IN*) Doctor?

DOCTOR: ...and this is Turlough, Senhora.

ILEANA: Please come in both of you.

HAYASHI: What sort of doctor?

DOCTOR: Peripatetic. I travel a lot. Permanently on call, you might say. What about you, mister...?

HAYASHI: Doctor Matsuo Hayashi. Consultant Therianthropist Practitioner, Institute of Genomic Surgery, Kamakura University.

DOCTOR: Fascinating. And was this your equipment?

Someone's made quite a mess of it.

ILEANA: (*IRRITATED*) Doctor. I am Ileana de Santos. My late husband was owner of the Santos Cattle Empire.

DOCTOR: Really. I think Turlough here is familiar with some of your produce.

TURLOUGH: The dogs couldn't get enough of it.

DOCTOR: And is this your private monorail? Where exactly is it heading?

HAYASHI: How did you get on board?

DOCTOR: Under my own steam.

ILEANA: We saw you at the station, Doctor. Please explain why you are here.

DOCTOR: We came to warn you. Though from the state of your surgery, I fear I may be overdue.

ILEANA: What exactly did you want to warn us about?

DOCTOR: I believe that there is a dangerous creature on board.

TURLOUGH: Only one?

ILEANA: Forgive us, Doctor. You find us in a state of some alarm. My son, who is an invalid, has disappeared. And I fear he has been abducted.

DOCTOR: (*AWKWARD*) Ah. Then Senhora, I fear I may be the bringer of bad news. I'm afraid Turlough and I found a body in the galley three carriages back. In the fridge.

ILEANA: In the fridge?

DOCTOR: A young Asian man with black hair and a white lab coat... what was left of it.

HAYASHI: Jura!

ILEANA: Oh, thank God.

HAYASHI: I told the little idiot to be careful. Now what am I going to tell the faculty!

DOCTOR: Then I assume this wasn't your son.

ILEANA: No, no, not Victor.

TURLOUGH: He was badly savaged.

HAYASHI: Jura is... was my assistant. Regrettably, a very careless one.

TURLOUGH: (*MUTTERING*) Doctor, what about the wolf head?

DOCTOR: Never mind that now. (*TO HAYASHI*) Perhaps we should verify his identity. I think you should come and see for yourself.

HAYASHI: No, no, I take your word for it.

ILEANA: This is appalling. The young man was nursing my

son. Obviously he was attacked when Victor was abducted.

TURLOUGH: Just like we were attacked.

ILEANA: He attacked you? You saw him?

TURLOUGH: Well, not exactly.

DOCTOR: I saw something. It burst in on us. Drew the others off.

ILEANA: Yes?

DOCTOR: A large animal, but walking upright like a man. At a rough guess I'd call him a therianthropic metamorph. But then lycanthropy comes in so many shapes and sizes, doesn't it? Weresharks, weredards, werewolves... What did you say your son was suffering from?

TURLOUGH: At the station, Doctor...

DOCTOR: Hmm?

TURLOUGH: We saw it at the station too. That shape running after the train. Like a wolf.

ILEANA: What did you see? Was it grey?

DOCTOR: Yes, grey and very large. Almost unfeasibly large, actually. That's why we came. Although the wolf we saw on the train, the one that drew off your associates when they attacked us... I think that one was brown. And much smaller. More of a prairie than a timber wolf.

ILEANA: Inez!

DOCTOR: Yes, definitely brown. Like the hairs here on this bed.

FX: DOOR SLIDES OPEN.

INEZ: Senhora?

ILEANA: Inez, find Lichtfuss and Jorge.

INEZ: Yes, Senhora.

ILEANA: No. Find Victor first!

INEZ: Senhora.

FX: THE DOOR SLIDES SHUT

DOCTOR: Senhora, I'd like to help.

HAYASHI: Senhora de Santos's son is extremely ill. He needs constant medical attention. Which only I can provide.

DOCTOR: With metal vices and a straight jacket? That's a pretty extreme form of medication.

ILEANA: Who are you? Why make us your business?

DOCTOR: I sensed danger, Senhora. That's why I came to help. Of course, if you'd rather, we could just stop the train and send for the Policia.

SCENE 26. TRAIN CARRIAGE

FX: THE TRAIN HURTLES PAST.

FX: TRAIN INTERIOR BACKGROUND.

LICHTFUSS: (*MENACING*) What did this Doctor say then?

INEZ: He said he saw the Grey One... at the station.

LICHTFUSS: And?

INEZ: He came to warn the Senhora about it.

JORGE: You said he was the Grey One, Lichtfuss.

LICHTFUSS: You said he was cunning. He's lying, that's all.

JORGE: Suppose he knows we think he's lying. He could be telling the truth, so we'd never know. Now that's really cunning.

INEZ: Idiots. The springtime's stolen your wits. The Doctor isn't the Grey One and the Senhora knows it.

LICHTFUSS: And you know that it was Victor who did for Hayashi's assistant.

INEZ: Of course I do. But who's going to dare tell the Senhora that?

LICHTFUSS: This Doctor, with a bit of luck. We all know why he's sniffing round her.

INEZ: That's as clear as a frosty night. He wants her.

JORGE: But he's a cutclaw.

INEZ: He's not her first.

LICHTFUSS: *(GROWLS A LITTLE)* What did she do? *(BEAT)* Tell me! *(INEZ GASPS IN PAIN)* Tell me, Inez, or I'll bite off your ears! *(INEZ BITES LICHTFUSS. HE YELPS.)*

LICHTFUSS: Agh! You little bitch!

(JORGE LAUGHS)

INEZ: Oh, she's interested, mein herr. Oh, yes. She said, this Doctor's worth more than the whole Santos Empire.

LICHTFUSS: She wouldn't dare.

INEZ: As for mein Herr Lichtfuss. She says he can crawl back to the backwoods where he belongs and hunt for beetles!

(LICHTFUSS LASHES OUT WITH A SNARL. INEZ CRIES OUT IN PAIN.)

LICHTFUSS: That'll teach you to listen at doors! Never insult your mistress again!

JORGE: What about the cutclaws?

LICHTFUSS: Easily dealt with. And maybe the Grey One's just an old story to frighten puppies. There's only one way to win the Senhora's favours. I must restore her wandering son.

SCENE 27. ILEANA'S CARRIAGE

FX: TRAIN BACKGROUND. VIDLINK BLEEPING INSISTENTLY.

ILEANA: *(QUIETLY TERRIFIED)* Pieter Stubbe. Leave me alone. Go away.

FX: BLEEPING ENDS WITH A CLICK. THE OPENED LINE BUZZES SLIGHTLY WITH VARYING RECEPTION.

STUBBE: *(ON LINK)* Ileana? Is that you? Can you see me too? *(BEAT)* I missed my welcome, Ileana, so I persuaded a cutclaw to show me how to use this device.

ILEANA: I have nothing to say to you.

STUBBE: What's the matter? You look like a dog with a docked tail. *(LAUGHS COARSELY)* I hardly knew you. The merchant's daughter become quite the merchant's wife. Very tamed and domesticated. And doting on your half-cutclaw whelp.

ILEANA: Leave my son alone! It was my choice. You never gave me a choice.

STUBBE: What about our times together? Remember the snowy forests and the mountains? Chasing the sledges for sport. That was an ocean away from this dust-choked, ill-gotten desert. In those days you had eyes and ears for me alone. No one else. Even now, when you're running, you can't look away.

ILEANA: You'll never touch me again. You won't find me. I'm

gone.

STUBBE: I'm closer than you think. *(BEAT)* How many other suitors are panting round you now? One less at any rate. He whimpered like a beaten mongrel before I relieved him of his head. Tell your other admirers they'll get the same. *(BEAT)* Still nothing to say? Pah! I hate to talk to someone I can't smell. Keep running, Ileana. However fast you run. I'll run faster...

FX: THE LINK CLICKS OFF.

ILEANA: Leave me alone. Monster.

SCENE 28. TRAIN CORRIDOR

(TURLOUGH AND THE DOCTOR SEARCHING)

TURLOUGH: Doctor? I saw something out there. Doctor?

DOCTOR: Patience, Turlough.

TURLOUGH: I saw something from the window.

(THE DOCTOR CROSSES TO THE WINDOW.)

DOCTOR: It's a bit dark to see anything. Just desert and the ghosts of dead trees.

TURLOUGH: No. In the moonlight. Something running along through the scrub. Some sort of big animal. *Very* big.

DOCTOR: There's bound to be some wildlife still out there. Struggling to survive after the death of the forest.

TURLOUGH: How fast are we going?

DOCTOR: About two hundred miles an hour.

TURLOUGH: We can't be.

DOCTOR: Perhaps a little more. Why?

TURLOUGH: Because it was keeping pace with the train. And then it veered off. It was going even faster. Doctor, it was the grey wolf we saw at the station.

DOCTOR: Stay here.

TURLOUGH: Where are you going?

DOCTOR: *(DEPARTING)* To speak to our hostess.

TURLOUGH: Doctor! Come back! *(GIVES UP)* Don't leave me here. Not in the middle of a pack of werewolves.

(PAUSE)

JORGE: Closer than he thinks.

LICHTFUSS: Look at those eyes. He'd see us if he wanted to.

JORGE: An orphan cub if ever I smelt one.

TURLOUGH: Who's there?

LICHTFUSS: He'd see a lot of things if he looked. Both outside and in.

JORGE: What a waste if we didn't show him his potential.

TURLOUGH: Where are you? I know you're here.

(TURLOUGH IS GRABBED. A HAND COVERS HIS MOUTH. HE STRUGGLES.)

LICHTFUSS: See us now, young master? Time we woke you up. We have to catch a wild dog. And you're just the bait we need to help us.

SCENE 29. ILEANA'S ROOM

(THE DOCTOR CONFRONTS ILEANA)

FX: CARRIAGE DOOR OPENS.

DOCTOR: (ENTERING WITH URGENCY) Senhora, I want to stop the train.

ILEANA: Impossible. Jorge has programmed the journey into the drive system.

DOCTOR: There must be a failsafe way to stop it.

ILEANA: Nothing can override the programme until we reach our destination.

DOCTOR: And then what happens to Turlough and me?

ILEANA: I haven't decided.

DOCTOR: Forgive me. You're concerned about your son. In fact, you seem beset by troubles.

ILEANA: Danger has always walked with me, Doctor. It's my oldest and most faithful companion.

DOCTOR: But sometimes it comes and looks you in the face.

ILEANA: And are you another danger?

DOCTOR: I couldn't say, Senhora. I leave it up to you. But I do like to be surprising.

ILEANA: I think you already know what I have to tell you.

DOCTOR: That your son is a wolf. Yes, I know.

ILEANA: And that he takes after his mother.

DOCTOR: I've never known a mother who wasn't proud of her son.

ILEANA: Proud? How can you think that? It's the very curse of my long, long existence. Proud! No, never.

DOCTOR: I remain to be convinced. And what about your husband?

ILEANA: Federico was a Cariocan. Rio was his city. For forty-two years he cared for me, driving back the shadows that surround me. But as you see, I do not age as he did. Victor was the son that he craved above all his wealth, his land, his empire.

DOCTOR: He didn't know about Victor's condition?

ILEANA: Oh, yes. But Federico never questioned, just accepted. All his life he was plagued by guilt over the ruin that he said his business, the ranches and cattle, brought to the great forest. But he never ceased to love us.

DOCTOR: And Victor?

ILEANA: Like all children he rebels. But now he has no human father, his wolf inheritance has taken hold.

DOCTOR: And he cannot change back.

ILEANA: No.

DOCTOR: I'd say he makes a handsome wolf.

ILEANA: It waxes and wanes in all of us. But poor Victor has no light left. He's all instinct. Like the dusk, the shadows of the past lengthen around us.

DOCTOR: And one particular grey shadow pursues you.

ILEANA: The Grey One. Pieter Stubbe. Undying and always hungry. I've been bound to him and his darkness for longer than you could ever imagine.

DOCTOR: I think you'd be surprised. One hundred? Two hundred years?

ILEANA: How can you possibly know that?

DOCTOR: Time is my business. Well, one of my businesses. But

please, I'm stopping your story.

ILEANA: My father was a merchant from Smolensk. Quite rich, with land and serfs.

DOCTOR: Imperial Russia. Let me guess. First half of the nineteenth century.

ILEANA: The summer of eighteen hundred and twelve.

DOCTOR: The year of Napoleon's futile invasion. And stormy weather too, as I remember.

ILEANA: Do you? *(BEAT)* We were fleeing the advancing French, but our carts ran into bandits. We lost all our belongings. And my father was shot.

DOCTOR: And then you were rescued by a wolf.

ILEANA: By a handsome partisan, who turned out to be a wolf.

DOCTOR: And he brought out all the wildness in you.

ILEANA: And the dark. Oh, Doctor, it seems that however far I chase the sun, the oncoming night and the moon are always baying at the door behind me. They never let me rest.

DOCTOR: Ileana, suppose the shadow reaches your destination before you do?

SCENE 30. THE DESERT.

FX: CROSS FADE TO EXTERIOR. WIND MOANS GENTLY, BUT ROSA IS SHELTERED. THE CLICK OF HER RECORDER. BUT THIS TIME WE HEAR HER, NOT HER RECORDING.

ROSA: You said it never got cold, Grandpa. Not in the old days. But Jeez, the wind's sharp tonight. Reckon you could slice meat with it.

FX: OPENS A CAN OF COKE.

ROSA: And the moon's strong. No one to talk to. Just me and the dust devils.

STUBBE: Good day, young lady.

FX: CLATTER OF DROPPED CAN AS ROSA JUMPS.

ROSA: Jeezuz!

(HER BREATH COMES IN TERRIFIED STACCATO BURSTS.)

STUBBE: Whither away? So close to the silver path.

ROSA: *(TERRIFIED)* Wither away, yerself. And it's not day. It's way past midnight.

STUBBE: Once this desert was a mighty forest.

ROSA: Too right. They took it away. Like they take everything.

STUBBE: And left the dust. Is that meat you have there?

ROSA: Just a 'dillo I whistled up.

STUBBE: Cooked him in his shell?

ROSA: Maybe.

STUBBE: *(COMING CLOSER)* Give me some. I've come a long, long way without food.

ROSA: Get your own.

STUBBE: Just one morsel for a lonely traveller.

ROSA: Back off, lobo. Go scavenging some place else.

STUBBE: Oh, but there's a wicked fate that waits for greedy girls. Girls who can't spare a bite for a wandering soul. *(MENACING)*

Just one bite.

ROSA: I said, back away. I know what you are, loup-garou.
(*STUBBE GROWLS.*)

ROSA: See this knife. Pure silver, yeah? My grandpa made it out of silver from the mines under the dead forest. And it'll take a bite out of you before you bite me.

STUBBE: (*LAUGHS*) Little girl, your claws need cutting. Stay by your silver path, then. But don't stray, because one night I'll be waiting round the next corner and I'll still be hungry.

ROSA: I won't forget.

STUBBE: (*DEPARTING*) Gute nacht, meine liebchen.

FX: THE WIND IS RISING.

ROSA: (*FADING INTO DISTANCE*) Tchou, Senhor Wolf.
(*AND WE CARRY STRAIGHT INTO...*)

SCENE 31. THE DESERT

FX: THE WIND CONTINUES. AFTER A MOMENT, A NUMBER IS TAPPED OUT ON A MOBILE VIDLINK PHONE. A CLICK AS IT GETS ANSWERED.

HAYASHI: (*ON LINE*) Stubbe? Returning my call at last?

STUBBE: I don't come to your whistle, Hayashi. What's your news?

HAYASHI: We're not far from our destination.

STUBBE: Rancho de Santos?

HAYASHI: I assume so. But her son's running loose on the train.

STUBBE: (*LAUGHS*) So much for Ileana's house-training.

HAYASHI: And there are strangers too. A so-called Doctor and his assistant.

STUBBE: Those two again. They run fast for a brace of cutclaw footpads.

HAYASHI: The Senhora seemed most taken with the Doctor.

STUBBE: That's no matter. Ileana can coax as many suitors as she likes. Once I'm back with her, she'll soon forget the panting of a few lovesick poodles. And I'll leave their carcasses to feed the desert dogs.

SCENE 32. TRAIN COMPARTMENT

FX: FADE WIND INTO TRAIN INTERIOR. A DOOR SLIDES SHUT.

TURLOUGH: When are you going to tear me apart? Isn't that what werewolves do?

LICHTFUSS: Don't believe everything you see in old films.

JORGE: Or hear in old stories. (*Note - Obviously no one reads anymore*)

TURLOUGH: Right.

LICHTFUSS: Do we look like ravening monsters?

TURLOUGH: What about the wolf-man I saw?

LICHTFUSS: Sometimes the darker side tips the scales. Nothing to be ashamed of.

JORGE: And *werewolf* is a cutclaw name. I've always found it deeply offensive.

LICHTFUSS: But it's important to make amends. Jorge, a drink for

our guest.

TURLOUGH: Sorry?

LICHTFUSS: We wanted to know more about you.

JORGE: Once we realised you were more than just human...

TURLOUGH: Thanks very much. So trying to throw me off the train was fine when I was just pond life.

JORGE: A drink.

TURLOUGH: Thank you. *(DRINKS)*

LICHTFUSS: Humans are just cattle to us. They're cutclaws. Over the years they've forcibly subdued their darker instincts.

JORGE: They've dulled their wits.

TURLOUGH: Tell me about it. Sometimes I thought I'd drown in their stupidity.

LICHTFUSS: Yes, yes. We knew you'd understand. Haven't you always felt that you were different.

TURLOUGH: Superior. I always knew that. What's in this stuff?

JORGE: More?

TURLOUGH: It's good. And the Doctor doesn't have to know, does he? *(MIMICKING THE DOCTOR)* Turlough, are you sure that's wise? *(GIGGLES)* Oh, I suppose he means well.

LICHTFUSS: But you've always felt alone. That you didn't belong.

TURLOUGH: *(SLIGHTLY TIPSY)* More than that. I'm special. I never, ever got the respect I deserved. What about all that stuff with howling and the full moon?

JORGE: Just another half-truth overblown by Hollywood.

TURLOUGH: Yes?

JORGE: Oh, yes.

LICHTFUSS: But Turlough, you have another side that no one else recognised. Look in the mirror. See for yourself.

TURLOUGH: What? Uh, I look a wreck.

LICHTFUSS: Keep looking. Look hard.

TURLOUGH: Better than a dull-witted human though. *(RAMBLING)* You know what? Wits are like claws. You have to keep them sharp.

LICHTFUSS: Look through yourself. Look at the real Turlough behind you. What do you want to see?

TURLOUGH: No. No, not cutclaws. Cut-throats! *(STARTS LAUGHING)*

LICHTFUSS: Look harder!

TURLOUGH: *(STILL LAUGHING)* The old ones are the best!

JORGE: What do you want to see?

LICHTFUSS: What **don't** you want to see?

JORGE: What doesn't he want **us** to see?

LICHTFUSS: Keep looking.

TURLOUGH: *(GASPS. SUDDENLY AFRAID.)* No! What is it?

LICHTFUSS: You tell us, Turlough.

TURLOUGH: It's behind me! Make it go away! Take it away!

LICHTFUSS: Odd, isn't it? We're all of us surprised the first time we see the truth.

SCENE 33. VICTOR'S ROOM

(HAYASHI TALKING TO STUBBE ON THE VIDLINK)

HAYASHI: (NERVOUS) Five million, Mr Stubbe. You said I should name my price.

STUBBE: (ON VIDLINK) Five million what? Is this money that you're talking about, Hayashi?

HAYASHI: Yes, you said once I'd finished...

STUBBE: I swallowed a tax gatherer once. Joshua of Darmstadt. Swallowed him whole. Never again. I was spitting coins for days afterwards.

DOCTOR: (DISTANT) Well, he must be here somewhere...

STUBBE: And you want money. (HE LAUGHS AT THIS FOOLISHNESS)

HAYASHI: (PANICKED WHISPER) They're coming! I'll call you back.

FX: SCREEN OFF.

HAYASHI: (OVER COMPENSATING) Senhora. Is there any sign of your son?

ILEANA: No trace or trail.

DOCTOR: And now my companion has disappeared as well. I don't suppose he wandered this way.

HAYASHI: I've seen no one. So sorry.

ILEANA: Who were you speaking to?

HAYASHI: Speaking?

DOCTOR: On the vidlink, when we came in.

HAYASHI: Oh, that. The university. To my faculty. I was trying to explain about Jura.

ILEANA: I told you to speak to no one while you are in my service!

HAYASHI: My apologies. (POINTEDLY) It was a bad link with a lot of interference.

ILEANA: Hayashi, when my son is found, I want you to share your diagnoses with the Doctor here. (BEAT) I'm sure he can be of assistance to you.

DOCTOR: Just think of me as a complete novice.

HAYASHI: (COLD) I'm sure not. (SMARM) I bow to your obvious superior experience, Doctor... san.

DOCTOR: (RESPONDING IN KIND) And I to yours, Hayashi... san. Perhaps we could start by checking the damage to your equipment.

ILEANA: (QUIET) Don't move, either of you.

HAYASHI: What's that?

ILEANA: Don't move. Outside the window. Hanging down.

FX: WE HEAR VICTOR GROWLING OUTSIDE THE TRAIN, AND HIS CLAWS TAPPING ON THE WINDOW.

DOCTOR: Your son, I take it.

HAYASHI: He's on the roof. He'll be swept off.

ILEANA: Victor. Victor, listen to me..

DOCTOR: He's fully transformed. A complete lycanthropic metamorphosis.

ILEANA: Victor, please come in. It's safe. They won't hurt you. I won't let them. Victor, please..

DOCTOR: Stay here, Hayashi.

HAYASHI: What are you doing? He's *my* patient.

ILEANA: He's slipping! Victor, hold on!

DOCTOR: Hold my coat. I'm going out after him.
HAYASHI: You're mad. Senhora, stop this maniac.
ILEANA: Don't move, either of you. You'll frighten him.
FX: SNARL FROM OUTSIDE. A TREMENDOUS SHATTERING OF GLASS. THE ROAR OF THE TRAIN FROM OUTSIDE. VICTOR THUMPS THROUGH INSIDE. HE SNARLS ANGRILY. HAYASHI YELLS.

SCENE 34. TRAIN COMPARTMENT

TURLOUGH: Stop it staring! Make it go away!
FX: DOOR OPENS.
INEZ: (*SURPRISED*) What's happening? Lichtfuss, what are you doing now?
LICHTFUSS: Just enlightening our young guest, Inez. Don't say you didn't notice Turlough's potential.
INEZ: You're supposed to be looking for Victor.
LICHTFUSS: Victor can't get far. And this could help.
INEZ: What will help?
TURLOUGH: (*SHIVERING*) It's there. Behind me. Make it stop staring at me.
INEZ: What are you doing to him?
LICHTFUSS: Just getting another gift for the Senhora.
JORGE: (*GENTLY*) Turlough? We didn't *force* you to look in the mirror, did we?
TURLOUGH: Please. Make it stop.
INEZ: Not the mirror trick. It's all a game, isn't it? Haven't you learnt yet? An awakening should be a precious, sacred moment. Not something for your amusement.
JORGE: Once he started, we could hardly stop him.
LICHTFUSS: Turlough, tell us what you can see.
TURLOUGH: (*WHISPER*) It's there. Behind me. A blood red shadow. Is it my shadow? It has burning golden eyes.
(*HE STARTS TO MAKE LOW GROWLS.*)
INEZ: Are you both mad? He'll be scarred for life. Centuries of misery. Stop it now.
LICHTFUSS: Don't touch him!
INEZ: Idiots! I'm going to fetch the Senhora.
TURLOUGH: (*SUDDEN YELL*) No! Stop it! Help me! It's trying to push in front! Help me! Doctor!
FX: HE BARRELS PAST THE OTHERS. (LICHTFUSS BURSTS OUT LAUGHING)
INEZ: Idiots! Stop him! Get him back!

SCENE 35. VICTOR'S ROOM

FX: AS BEFORE. ROAR OF WIND FROM THE SMASHED WINDOW. VICTOR IS GROWLING MENACINGLY. THE OTHERS ARE BUNCHED TOGETHER TRAPPED BY THE BRUTE.

ILEANA: Victor, liebchen. No need to be afraid. Look, no one's going to hurt you.
FX: VICTOR SNARLS.
ILEANA: It's alright, little one. It's alright. Come to me.

HAYASHI: (MUTTERING) If she calms him, I may be able to reach my tranquilliser gun.
FX: ANOTHER SNARL.

ILEANA: Victor.

DOCTOR: Bad idea, Hayashi. Senhora, do you want us to leave?

HAYASHI: You can't leave her alone with him.

DOCTOR: She's his mother. Who better?

ILEANA: Yes. Yes, please back off slowly. Look Victor, liebchen, we're nearly home. No more train. No more upset.
FX: VICTOR'S GROWL DWINDLES TO A GRUMBLE.

ILEANA: That's right. There we are. That's it. (HE SNUGGLES IN.) Oh, my dear one. Come and nuzzle. That's it. Good. There we are. There we are.
FX: DOOR SLIDES OPEN.

TURLOUGH: Doctor! Help me!

DOCTOR: Turlough!

FX: VICTOR IS UP WITH A SNARL.

TURLOUGH: Agh! That's it! It's here! It's waiting for me! Get it away from me!
FX: VICTOR ROARS. A FIZZED GUN SHOT. VICTOR COLLAPSES WITH AN ANGUISHED ROAR.

ILEANA: Victor!

HAYASHI: (SATISFIED) First shot.

DOCTOR: Turlough, get away from the window!
FX: BRING UP RUSHING WIND.

TURLOUGH: It's coming after me!

DOCTOR: What's coming after you?

TURLOUGH: My shadow! And you can't stop it either! I have to get away!
 (HIS FALLING SCREAM VANISHES INTO THE DISTANCE.)

DOCTOR: Turlough!

FX: HOLD THE WIND ROAR AT LOUD FOR A MOMENT. THEN BRING IT DOWN A LITTLE, AS IF THE DOCTOR HAS DUCKED BACK INSIDE.

DOCTOR: (ROUNDING ON ILEANA) Ileana, stop the train now!

ILEANA: My son has been shot!

DOCTOR: Turlough's fallen from the window! Stop the train, please!

ILEANA: I don't care! My son is dying!

HAYASHI: Senhora, it was a tranquilliser shot.

ILEANA: (VOICE DEEPENING) Murderer. (SHE STARTS A LOW GROWL AS THE WOLF IN HER SURFACES)

HAYASHI: (BACKING OFF IN FRIGHT) No. It was a tranquilliser. Just to calm him. Please, Senhora. Control yourself!
 (ILEANA'S GROWL CONTINUES)

ILEANA: Murdering cutclaw. I'll drive you off this train!

DOCTOR: Ileana, listen! Your son is perfectly safe.

HAYASHI: She's changing... Keep her away from me!

DOCTOR: Ileana!
 (HAYASHI SQUEALS AS ILEANA SNAPS AGAIN AND AGAIN, DRIVING HIM ACROSS THE CARRIAGE.)

HAYASHI: She'll kill us all!

CLOSING MUSIC.

PART THREE

SCENE 36. VICTOR'S APARTMENT.

*FX: TRAIN NOISE. ROAR OF WIND FROM THE SMASHED WINDOW.
(TURLOUGH'S FALLING SCREAM VANISHES INTO THE DISTANCE.)
FX: TRAIN SOUND UP LOUD.*

DOCTOR: Turlough!

FX: HOLD THE WIND ROAR AT LOUD FOR A MOMENT. THEN BRING IT DOWN A LITTLE, AS IF THE DOCTOR HAS DUCKED BACK INSIDE.

DOCTOR: *(ROUNDING ON ILEANA)* Ileana, stop the train now!

ILEANA: My son has been shot!

DOCTOR: Turlough's fallen from the window! Stop the train, please!

ILEANA: I don't care! My son is dying!

HAYASHI: Senhora, it was a tranquiliser shot.

ILEANA: *(VOICE DEEPENING)* Murderer. *(SHE STARTS A LOW GROWL AS THE WOLF IN HER SURFACES)*

HAYASHI: *(BACKING OFF IN FRIGHT)* No. It was a tranquiliser. Just to calm him. Please, Senhora. Control yourself!

(ILEANA'S GROWL CONTINUES)

ILEANA: Murdering cutclaw. I'll drive you off this train!

DOCTOR: Ileana, listen! Your son is perfectly safe.

HAYASHI: She's changing... Keep her away from me!

DOCTOR: Ileana!

HAYASHI: She'll kill us all!

(HAYASHI SQUEALS AS ILEANA SNAPS AGAIN AND AGAIN, DRIVING HIM ACROSS THE CARRIAGE.)

DOCTOR: *(THROUGH THE RUMPUS)* Ileana! Remember who you are. Don't give in to your baser instincts. *(HE GRABS HER. THEY STRUGGLE)* I'm asking you to stop this train now. Ileana! Stop the train! For Victor's sake!

(ILEANA GASPS AND SHE BREAKS FREE. HAYASHI FALLS OVER, GASPING FOR AIR. ILEANA'S VOICE LIGHTENS AGAIN, BUT SHE'S ASHAMED.)

ILEANA: Don't ever give me orders.

DOCTOR: Stop the train, please.

ILEANA: I will not.

DOCTOR: *(LEAVING)* Then I'll do it myself!

ILEANA: Doctor!

(BEAT)

DOCTOR: *(BACK CLOSE. QUIETLY)* Yes.

ILEANA: The train's already slowing. We're almost at our destination.

DOCTOR: Then I have to find Turlough. He may be badly hurt. *(TO HAYASHI)* Hayashi? Are you alright?

HAYASHI: *(SHAKEN)* Yes, yes. Just an occupational hazard.

DOCTOR: Good man.

ILEANA: Doctor, I need you. *(AFTERTHOUGHT)* For Victor.

DOCTOR: I'm sure Hayashi can cope. Like tomato sauce, money also covers a multitude of sins.

ILEANA: Please, Doctor. Others are coming to meet us.
DOCTOR: Others like you?
ILEANA: It's for your own safety. You'll find I pay very well.
DOCTOR: (*ANNOYED*) Discussing money's very vulgar, don't you think? Just the sort of thing humans do. Besides, my fees are non-negotiable. I want Turlough safely back.
ILEANA: We'll find him, Doctor. I promise. Just please stay.
(BEAT)
DOCTOR: (*COLDLY*) Hayashi, shouldn't we be attending to the Senhora's son?
ILEANA: Thank you, Doctor.

SCENE 37. THE AMAZON DESERT.

FX: NIGHT CRICKETS CHIRPING CLOSE BY.

(ROSA WHISTLES. A REPEATED RISING NOTE AS IF SHE'S CALLING A DOG.)

ROSA: (*COAXING, HALF ALOUD, AS IF SHE'S AFRAID WHAT ELSE SHE MIGHT CALL UP.*) Hey, 'dillo. 'dillo, 'dillo. (*WHISTLE, WHISTLE.*) Hey. Come on out. Out you come.

FX: SCRUBBY BUSHES PUSHED ROUGHLY ASIDE.

(TURLOUGH STUMBLES THROUGH BREATHING HEAVILY.)

FX: THE SNAP OF A TRAP SHUTTING.

(TURLOUGH YELPS IN PAIN AND FALLS OVER.)

TURLOUGH: Help! Help me!

ROSA: (*LAUGHS*) Jeez! That trap ain't meant for nothing bigger than a 'dillo.

TURLOUGH: Get me out of this thing!

FX: ROSA JUMPS DOWN & CROUCHES BESIDE HIM.

ROSA: Someone chasing you?

TURLOUGH: (*CATCHES HIS BREATH*) You could say that. Please, just get this thing off me.

ROSA: What you doing out here? No one comes out here.

You a yerp?

TURLOUGH: What?

ROSA: A Euro. East? West? Indie Brit?

TURLOUGH: Adopted British... I suppose.

ROSA: (*SHRUG*) Figures. Okay, you're no lobo. Hold still.

TURLOUGH: What're you doing?

FX: SHE SAWS AT ROPE WITH A KNIFE.

ROSA: Cutting you free. There.

FX: THE ROPE GIVES.

TURLOUGH: (*SIGH OF RELIEF*) Thanks.

ROSA: It's an okay blade. One day it'll cut better things than rope. So how'd you get here?

TURLOUGH: It doesn't matter.

ROSA: Okay. You better cover your tracks before you move on.

TURLOUGH: Move on? Can't you take me to the nearest settlement?

ROSA: I ain't no taxi rank. It's ten miles that way to the Mission House, so get going, yerpi-boy. I gotta wait here. Gotta hot date

with a hungry wolf.

TURLOUGH: (*FRIGHTENED*) A wolf? Out here? By yourself?
ROSA: Get your own fight. This one's mine.
TURLOUGH: A kid like you? Who the hell do you think are?
ROSA: I'm Rosa Caiman. Who the hell are you?

SCENE 38. THE TRAIN. ILEANA'S APARTMENT.

(*LICHTFUSS AND ILEANA*)

FX: THE TRAIN IS SLOWLY RUNNING DOWN. A DOOR SLIDES OPEN.

ILEANA: Anton, where've you been?
LICHTFUSS: You nearly lost control, Ileana.
ILEANA: (*TAKEN ABACK*) You were listening.
LICHTFUSS: Mind your cutclaw guests don't see the real Ileana de Santos. They frighten easily.
ILEANA: They already know. And you could have helped, instead of skulking outside the door.
LICHTFUSS: It's up to the leader to fight her own battles.
ILEANA: That depends on who starts them. At least I wasn't frightening Turlough into throwing himself off the train.
LICHTFUSS: Just the old mirror trick. Making him face up to his own dark side. He didn't like what he saw.
(*BEAT*)
ILEANA: We're nearly at the old cattle station. You must help unload the trucks. Tino will be there to escort us to the ranch.
LICHTFUSS: Where we meet all the others that you've summoned.
ILEANA: Yes. Some of the oldest and wildest of our kind. All united at last.
LICHTFUSS: And how will they react to your new acquaintance, the Doctor?
ILEANA: (*SHARP*) We have to prepare the convoy and move Victor. And Turlough has to be found.
LICHTFUSS: (*THREATENING*) What does this Doctor mean to you?
ILEANA: Ah, so that's it. Just leave the Doctor alone. He's no threat to you.
LICHTFUSS: He reeks of death.
ILEANA: So do you, Anton.
LICHTFUSS: (*DRAWING CLOSE*) And that excites you?
ILEANA: I'm sick of it. The Doctor is strange... a maverick. I tried to look into his mind, but he shook off my thoughts like raindrops.
LICHTFUSS: (*ANGRY*) You're mad. Entrusting your precious son to this stranger.
ILEANA: The Doctor respects and understands us... whatever he is.
LICHTFUSS: Then we'll see what the others say when they hear about him. Don't forget, common werewolves learn to bite before they can talk.

SCENE 39. HAYASHI'S ROOM

(*THE DOCTOR AND HAYASHI MOVING EQUIPMENT.*)

FX: THE TRAIN ENGINES ARE NOTICEABLY SLOWING.

HAYASHI: We're definitely slowing down.

DOCTOR: But still getting further away from Turlough.

HAYASHI: Help me move the scanning unit into its crate.

DOCTOR: Right.

*FX: MANHANDLING A LARGE PIECE OF EQUIPMENT.
(BOTH STRAIN UNDER THE MACHINE'S WEIGHT)*

HAYASHI: Towards me.

DOCTOR: Yes.

HAYASHI: They will find... your companion, you know.

DOCTOR: I don't doubt it... It's his condition... that worries me.

FX: MACHINE CLUNKS DOWN.

HAYASHI: Thank you, Doctor.

DOCTOR: That's alright. Turlough was terrified before he jumped. I think the Senhora's friends were having a game with him.

HAYASHI: If you interpret viciousness as play. Time to move Victor, I think.

DOCTOR: They seem to see humans as some sort of toy.

HAYASHI: Truer than you may think.

DOCTOR: Hayashi? What are you working on?

HAYASHI: The Senhora approached me to find a cure for her son.

DOCTOR: Because he's stuck in the form of a wolf and can't change back? Even when the moon's not full?

HAYASHI: The moon has nothing to do with it.

DOCTOR: You've made an extensive study, of course. *(BEAT)*

Hayashi, I'm not going to steal your thunder.

HAYASHI: Do you think I could throw away the chance to work on live werewolf? Look at this poor brute. He's a creature of legend. A fabulous monster, unknown to science.

DOCTOR: Only because his kind are so adept at going unnoticed. This ability to wipe the selective awareness of humans. It's very clever. They're as good as invisible.

HAYASHI: But you see them.

DOCTOR: Nobody's perfect. His pulse is very sluggish. What sort of medication are you giving him?

HAYASHI: *(SHARP)* Please! *(REGAINING COMPOSURE)* Please don't touch that.

DOCTOR: Just looking. What is it? Some sort of motor neurone represser?

HAYASHI: I should have used more. Then Jura might still be alive.

FX: A GRINDING OF TRAIN BRAKES.

DOCTOR: I think we're finally arriving.

HAYASHI: We'd better get this creature moved.

FX: MOVING SHEETS.

DOCTOR: Does Ileana know that you're mapping out her son's genomic sequence?

HAYASHI: I guessed we'd come to that.

DOCTOR: As you say, I'm very observant.

HAYASHI: It's purely a scientific grounding for Victor's treatment.

DOCTOR: And another mystery bites the desert dust. It makes

life a little flat, don't you think?

HAYASHI: But if I can isolate the gene that is responsible for his lycanthropic tendencies...

DOCTOR: Then you might be able to cure him completely.

HAYASHI: Yes.

DOCTOR: And there need never be another werewolf again.

HAYASHI: Exactly. We can rid the world of these monstrous genetic freaks.

(BEAT)

DOCTOR: I don't think Ileana or her kind will thank you for that.

HAYASHI: Remember your companion, Doctor. If you cross me, I'll make sure you never see him again.

SCENE 40. CATTLE STATION PLATFORM

FX: GUSH OF TRAIN DOOR OPENING. ILEANA AND INEZ STEP DOWN ONTO THE STONE PLATFORM.

ILEANA: No one here, Inez. Where's Tino? I told him to meet us.

INEZ: He must have been delayed, Senhora. With the others.

ILEANA: We'll see.

FX: SHE TAPS OUT A MOBILE PHONE NUMBER. THE PHONE STARTS TO BLEEP AT THE OTHER END.

ILEANA: Where is he?

INEZ: *(SNIFFS)* Nothing in the air but the moon.

FX: AFTER A COUPLE MORE BLEEPS, THE PHONE CLICKS OFF.

ILEANA: No answer.

INEZ: So he must be on his way.

ILEANA: It's all too quiet. No Cicadas. *(URGENT)* Tell Jorge to unload the trucks. It'll take time to get the equipment packed.

INEZ: Yes, Senhora.

FX: A VERY DISTANT WOLF HOWL.

ILEANA: *(AFRAID)* Inez. Do you hear?

INEZ: Who is it?

ILEANA: I don't know. Get Jorge now. Hurry.

INEZ: Yes, Senhora.

(SHE HURRIES AWAY)

FX: THE HOWL AGAIN.

ILEANA: *(WHISPERING)* No, not you. Pieter Stubbe. You won't have my son.

FX: SHE LETS RIP INTO A FULL-BLOODED HOWL OF HER OWN.

SCENE 41. THE DESERT.

(ROSA AND TURLOUGH)

FX: CICADAS DRONING.

ROSA: Hold still, yerpi-boy.

TURLOUGH: What is that stuff?

ROSA: Urucu juice. Keeps the flies off.

TURLOUGH: Ouch. It stings.

ROSA: Bet you started out from the city. Ain't Yerp one big

city? Grandpa said that. That what you're running from?

TURLOUGH: (*SIGHS*) I don't know anymore. I fell off the train. Landed in a load of brushwood.

ROSA: The train? Jeezuz! Two nights I was waiting for the goddamn train!

TURLOUGH: I don't think it would have stopped for you.

ROSA: That lobo king. He's what put me off. Jeez! He's real bad news. The train's bringing the future. S'pose he gets to the future first. (*BEAT*) Hey, are you the future?

TURLOUGH: (*LAUGHING*) No. No, I doubt it. It's your bad luck if I am. So what are you doing out here? Don't you have a home to go to?

ROSA: Yeah, I got a home. But I don't go there.

TURLOUGH: Why? Did they throw you out or something?

ROSA: Throw me! No way. They all went. When the creek dried up, they went too. The guys took their cadis to the city to look for credit. Just me and Grandpa stayed.

TURLOUGH: But you've left him too.

ROSA: Yeah. Under a stack of rocks. (*SUPPRESSED ANGER*) Too old and too many cigs. His chest kind of caved in.

TURLOUGH: I'm sorry.

ROSA: (*QUIET*) Yeah.

TURLOUGH: So now it's only you.

ROSA: I gotta prove myself. I'm still a kid, that's what Grandpa says. Okay, so I gotta do a lot before I'm headman.

TURLOUGH: It's an initiation.

ROSA: Yeah. And I screwed up already.

TURLOUGH: How about rescuing a helpless Yerp who's lost in the desert?

SCENE 42. CATTLE STATION

(*THE DOCTOR AND HAYASHI MANOEUVRE VICTOR INTO A HOVER CAR. ILEANA ADVISES - TO THE OTHERS' AGGRAVATION.*)

FX: HUM OF THE HOVER GURNEY.

ILEANA: (*NERVOUS*) Further over. Further...

DOCTOR: Edge the gurney in towards me, Hayashi.

ILEANA: No, too far.

HAYASHI: Back a little. Mind the side of the car.

FX: CLUNK

ILEANA: Be careful! It's tilting!

FX: THE GURNEY BUZZES AND RIGHTS ITSELF.

DOCTOR: It's alright.

ILEANA: Please be careful with my son.

DOCTOR: Ileana, he's quite safe.

FX: ANOTHER CLUNK AS THE GURNEY COMES TO REST. ITS MOTOR RUNS DOWN.

DOCTOR: There. Safely stowed. That should be everything.

HAYASHI: Senhora, I cannot work with this continual interference.

ILEANA: (*THREAT*) What is that supposed to mean?

DOCTOR: Ileana, perhaps you could stay here with Victor. Hayashi and I have to check the equipment in the other car.

HAYASHI: But we've already checked it...

DOCTOR: (*HURRYING HIM AWAY*) Come along, doctor. We can't be too careful.

ILEANA: (*DISTANT*) Then hurry. We can't wait here.

DOCTOR: (*CALLING BACK*) Won't be long.

HAYASHI: What do you mean, *too* careful?

DOCTOR: The Senhora's bite is far worse than her bark. I don't want her to lose her head. Or you yours for that matter.

HAYASHI: I see. Well, a word of advice in return, Doctor. The male wolf is a very competitive brute. (*POINTED*) If it senses a rival, its challenge can be ferocious.

DOCTOR: I can't imagine what you mean.

(*BEAT*)

HAYASHI: Victor's due for his medication. Please excuse me.

DOCTOR: And your treatment of Victor is something else I want to talk to you about.

FX: OPENS CAR DOOR AND CLIMBS INSIDE.

DOCTOR: Unfortunately while our friends are busy loading up, I have a more pressing task.

HAYASHI: What are you doing?

DOCTOR: Someone has to go and find Turlough.

FX: THE AIR CAR ENGINE TURNS OVER AND BURNS INTO LIFE.

DOCTOR: Tell Ileana, I'll be back. Cheerio.

FX: THE CAR START TO REV UP AND RISE. LICHTFUSS SNARLS. A THUNK AS HE GRABS HOLD OF THE BONNET.

DOCTOR: Lichtfuss!

LICHTFUSS: Doctor! Where are you going?

FX: THE CAR REVS MIGHTILY, UNABLE TO MOVE.

DOCTOR: Let go of the car, Lichtfuss!

LICHTFUSS: (*STRUGGLING TO HOLD THE CAR DOWN*) You're not going anywhere!

DOCTOR: I'm going to find Turlough!

LICHTFUSS: You're staying here!

FX: THE CAR ENGINE GOES ON SCREAMING.

ILEANA: (*COMING UP*) What's happening? Doctor?

LICHTFUSS: (*EFFORTFUL*) Your pet's escaping.

ILEANA: Doctor! Stop the car. Stop it now!

FX: THE ENGINE CUTS AND RUNS DOWN AS THE CAR SETTLES. THE DOOR OPENS AND THE DOCTOR CLIMBS OUT.

DOCTOR: I apologise, Senhora. But Turlough has to be found.

LICHTFUSS: Why? He's no milksop puppy. He has claws of his own.

ILEANA: Anton! The Doctor's right. I promised him. Go and find Turlough now.

LICHTFUSS: I will not!

ILEANA: (*ANGRY GROWL TURNS INTO...*) I'm still your leader! Go and find Turlough! And don't hurt him!

(*BEAT*)

DOCTOR: (*QUIET*) Thank you, Senhora.

LICHTFUSS: (*LOW GROWL*) What are you to her, Doctor?

DOCTOR: I'm here to help, that's all.

LICHTFUSS: (*ANGRY*) Ileana! What is he to you?

ILEANA: He's a doctor. Now take the third truck and find

Turlough. (*TURNS ON SUDDEN CHARM*) I'd consider it a great favour, Anton.

LICHTFUSS: (*LEAVING, UNIMPRESSED*) I don't need to use outclaw machines.

FX: HIS FOOTSTEPS DASH OFF.

DOCTOR: Was that wise, Senhora? I want Turlough back in one piece.

ILEANA: (*KNOWING*) Herr Lichtfuss will do as he's told. When he wants something that desperately, he just can't resist.

DOCTOR: I hope you're right.

ILEANA: Hayashi?

HAYASHI: (*SLIGHTLY DISTANT*) Yes, Senhora.

ILEANA: You travel with your machines in the hover-truck.

Jorge will drive.

HAYASHI: Senhora, I accompany your son. I have to administer his medication.

ILEANA: No. The Doctor travels with me.

HAYASHI: (*KNOWING*) Ah. I see.

ILEANA: Give me the correct dosage. We'll make sure Victor gets it.

DOCTOR: Senhora? I think it would be better...

ILEANA: You travel with me, Doctor. Where I can keep an eye on you.

SCENE 43. THE DESERT

FX: FOOTSTEPS (LICHTFUSS) SCRAMBLE DOWN A DRY BANK. MAYBE LIGHT WIND TO EMPHASISE THE SPEED.

LICHTFUSS: (*MUTTERING IN ANGRY BURSTS AS HE RUNS*) Running errands. Why me? While **he** stays. Find the goat meat stinking boy. Why's the Doctor staying? Ha! (*AN IDEA*)

FX: HIS FEET LEAVE THE GROUND IN A LONG LEAP. HE LANDS AND RUNS AGAIN.

LICHTFUSS: (*JUBILANT*) Because **he** can't run. Not like me! She sent **me**. As a favour to her, she said. No one better!

FX: BURSTS THROUGH DRY SCRUB AND RUNS SILENTLY FOR FEW SECONDS.

LICHTFUSS: (*NAGGING DOUBT RETURNS*) So what happens while I'm out of the way? She wouldn't. She wouldn't dare! I'll show her favours!

FX: HIS FOOTSTEPS STUMBLE TO AN ABRUPT HALT. THE WIND IN HIS EARS HAS STOPPED. SILENCE FOR A MOMENT.

LICHTFUSS: Who's there? (*SNIFFS*) Who is it?

FX: A WOLF GROWL TO THE LEFT SLOWLY APPROACHES.

LICHTFUSS: (*RECOGNISING THE PRESENCE*) Ah.

FX: ANOTHER GROWL APPROACHES FROM THE RIGHT. THEN A THIRD JOINS IN.

(*LICHTFUSS STARTS TO LAUGH.*)

LICHTFUSS: Well, good evening to you, brothers. It's a fine moonlit night to go prowling.

SCENE 44. THE DESERT.

FX: CRICKETS. FOOTSTEPS AS ROSA SCRAMBLES DOWN A BANK.

ROSA: Down here, yerpi-boy.

FX: TURLOUGH'S FOOTSTEPS FOLLOW. BUSHES PUSHED ASIDE.

TURLOUGH: I thought we were moving on.

ROSA: No point till the moon's down and the sun's up. Safer that way.

TURLOUGH: *(UNEASY)* Rosa? This wolf you're supposed to be meeting.

ROSA: Told you. He's my fight.

TURLOUGH: What sort of wolf? Grey? Brown? Big? Giant? *(GULP)* On four feet... or two? I mean, would you know him if you saw him?

ROSA: He ain't you, if that's what you think.

TURLOUGH: How would you know?

ROSA: 'Cos he's so big, he could bite the moon.

FX: CLICKS HER COMPUTER. IT PLAYS A TINNY TUNE IN THE STYLE OF A TRASHY AMERICAN CARTOON THEME.

ROSA: *(LAUGHS)* Grandpa says I sound like the sat-vid. You seen Jaguar Maiden? "Save the Forest. Battle the Dark!" Cos that's me.

TURLOUGH: I never watch TV. I'll take Grandpa's word for it. Just turn it off.

FX: JAGUAR MAIDEN THEME CLUNKS OFF.

ROSA: *(SHRUG)* It's old stuff. But I ain't no re-run. *(TV ANNOUNCER ACCENT)* "Franchised to you by the makers of Santos burgers." *(GIGGLES)* That big old wolf. He was really mad about the forest.

TURLOUGH: *(LAUGHING)* Why? What did he say?

ROSA: See. Knew you'd seen him too. That what you're running from?

(THEY'RE BOTH LAUGHING NOW.)

TURLOUGH: I don't think I ever stop running.

ROSA: Yeah?

TURLOUGH: I saw him at the Carnaval. That huge red mouth. What did he say? Why was he so mad?

ROSA: Cos he didn't know. He thought the forest was all gone.

TURLOUGH: But it has. It's just dust. There's nothing left.

ROSA: That's what you think, yerpi-boy.

TURLOUGH: So where is it then?

ROSA: I got it.

TURLOUGH: What?

ROSA: No kidding. Grandpa told me.

TURLOUGH: Oh well, he'd know.

ROSA: *(SUDDEN ANGER)* Too right. He was wise man of our tribe. Last one left before they cut down the trees and the river choked. But the spirits stayed with him. And now they're with me. And I can't get to sleep cos they're in my head doing wild crazy dances. All the trees and birds and animals. Shaking the ground. Yada yada ya.

FX: WE PICK UP THE DRUMMING OF THE SPIRITS.

TURLOUGH: *(SHIVERS)* Yes. Right.

ROSA: Right now. All dancing. Yada yada... *(BEAT)*

(SUDDENLY QUIET. A BIT SUGGESTIVE) You cold?

TURLOUGH: That's what they tell me. Cold right to the heart.

FX: UNWRAPS A BLANKET AND SHAKES IT OPEN.

ROSA: You got pale eyes, yerpi.

TURLOUGH: My name's Turlough.

ROSA: Thought your eyes were ice first off. But it's more like the moon inside your head, peeking out at me.

TURLOUGH: All the better to see you with.

FX: ROSA SHAKES BLANKET AGAIN. HINTS OF THE DRUMMING.

ROSA: Grandpa gave me this. It's a jaguar pelt. Only the headman gets to wear it.

TURLOUGH: And now you're the head.

ROSA: Maybe one day. When I prove who I am. Maybe I'll get a wolf pelt instead.

TURLOUGH: Don't be silly. This is better.

ROSA: Grandpa says the first ones wrapped themselves in it. Back under the first moon. When the world was the unripe seed before it grew into the forest.

TURLOUGH: It's warm. Almost as if it was alive.

ROSA: That's right. (*KNOWING*) So if you're cold, Turlough, yerpi-boy, you'd better come under here right now.

SCENE 45. ILEANA'S HOVER TRUCK

(*INEZ IS DRIVING UP FRONT. THE DOCTOR AND ILEANA ARE IN THE BACK, TENDING VICTOR.*)

FX: BURR OF THE TRUCK ENGINES.

DOCTOR: It'll be light soon, Ileana. How much further?

ILEANA: Twenty kilometres to the ranch. But the desert's swallowed the road. It may take Inez longer. Shouldn't you have given Victor his medication by now?

DOCTOR: He's still asleep. I think we should wait a bit.

ILEANA: But Hayashi said the dosage should be increased.

DOCTOR: Yes, I know he did. But I think we can afford to be a little less zealous. We don't want Victor so reliant on drugs that he can't cope without.

ILEANA: (*IRRITATED*) Why are we going so slowly? (*CALLING OUT*) Inez, get a move on.

DOCTOR: This truck's airworthy, isn't it? So why are we hugging the ground?

ILEANA: We can't fly, Doctor. Don't you know that? We're earth-bound creatures. Our elements are earth and water. We need to be in touch with the soil and rock. The earth's old bones.

DOCTOR: So that's why you drove straight through the Carnival crowds in Rio.

ILEANA: Even a first floor apartment makes me feel queasy. And as for aircraft...

DOCTOR: "I am fire and air. My other elements, I give to baser life." Sorry, it's just a quote. Cleopatra in her tomb.

ILEANA: The queen of ancient Egypt?

DOCTOR: Poetic licence really. In real life, she had the all the subtle wit of a carpet beater.

ILEANA: (AMUSED) I take it that observation's not from personal experience.

DOCTOR: It's certainly more than just hearsay.

ILEANA: Exactly how old are you, Doctor?

DOCTOR: That's a question I usually ignore.

ILEANA: But.

DOCTOR: (TEASING) They say I'm a lot younger than I used to be.

ILEANA: You mean you're a lot older than you look.

DOCTOR: Now you're being unnecessarily personal.

ILEANA: Of course, I am. How old are you really? And how do you travel? How did you get on board the train?

DOCTOR: (BEAT) Guess.

ILEANA: (MOVING IN) My dearest Doctor.

DOCTOR: (QUICKLY) Yes, definitely soon be light. And still no sign of your friend Stubbe.

ILEANA: (BARELY HIDDEN DISAPPOINTMENT) Oh, he'll find us, Doctor. He's always hunting. He's always angry and hungry. Pieter Stubbe is centuries old and he has a hundred appetites.

DOCTOR: Sounds like a bad case of worms to me. I knew I should have gone for Turlough.

ILEANA: (COLD) And I have a pack of lone wolves to face. The only way to make a stand against Pieter is to work together. (CALLING) Inez! Get a move on. It'll be new moon before we get there!

SCENE 46. THE DESERT

(ROSA USES HER RECORDER WHILE TURLOUGH SLEEPS)

FX: CRICKETS. BLEEP OF THE RECORDER.

ROSA: Grandpa? The sky's all on fire away beyond the dead river. It's like the sun's coming up on the wrong side of the morning. Reckon something's burning. Maybe the Mission? Hey, Gramps, I got a boyfriend too. Okay, so he's a yerp and he ain't seen TV. But he knows about forests and the loup-garoux...

TURLOUGH: Do you tell all your secrets to your wristwatch?

FX: BLEEP AS RECORDER GOES OFF.

ROSA: (STARTLED) It's a perscom. Get your own. (BEAT) How long you been awake?

TURLOUGH: I was watching the moon.

FX: ROSA OPENS A COKE CAN.

ROSA: Want a cola?

TURLOUGH: Not really.

ROSA: Your loss, yerpi-boy. (SWIGS THE CAN.)

TURLOUGH: I was thinking about the forests where I come from.

ROSA: Okay, okay. You still got forests. I heard that.

TURLOUGH: No. Not the sort of forests you're thinking of. Where I come from, the forests are three times as tall.

ROSA: Yeah?

TURLOUGH: The leaves are all thick fleshy plates and you can walk on them, in spirals right up to the top of the canopy - all mauves and purples with blood red trunks. And after winter, when the suns first get warm, there are swarms of moths. They've got wings like cut

sapphires and they blot out the white sky like glittering blue smoke.

ROSA: Yeah, right. In your head.

TURLOUGH: Maybe it is. Maybe I just imagined I can't get back there. But it's a lot better than anything I've seen in your real world.

ROSA: See. We both got a headful of forest. So I got thinking. Maybe you are the future I was waiting for.

TURLOUGH: Don't count on it.

ROSA: We're in this together.

TURLOUGH: No. No, Rosa, I don't want you to trust me.

ROSA: You telling me what to do?

TURLOUGH: Just don't. Look, I can't say.

ROSA: Why not?

TURLOUGH: Because... (*SIGHS IN DEFEAT*) Because I've got this... dark side. It always comes out and hurts others.

ROSA: So?

TURLOUGH: I don't want you hurt, Rosa. I'm not reliable. I don't even trust myself. Given the choice, I always prefer the dark, where no one can see me... Then they don't know who or what I really am.

ROSA: You're a yerpi-boy.

TURLOUGH: (*HALF LAUGHS*) No, that's just what you're meant to think.

FX: OMINOUS SILENCE. THE CRICKETS HAVE STOPPED.

ROSA: Listen.

TURLOUGH: It's gone too quiet.

FX: A DISTANT WOLF YELP.

TURLOUGH: (*AFRAID*) There's something out there. In the shadows.

ROSA: (*HISSED WHISPER*) No! Don't run.

TURLOUGH: Let go of me. You don't understand. I've seen it. It's my dark side.

ROSA: Turlough...

TURLOUGH: It was howling after my blood. And now it's coming after me. We can't fight it. We have to get away!

ROSA: Shut it, yerpi-boy! There's more than one out there. Maybe a whole pack. But no Loup-Garou's gonna get to you without getting past me first!

SCENE 47. ILEANA'S HOVER TRUCK

(ILEANA WITH VICTOR. THE DOCTOR LISTENING)

FX: BURR OF THE TRUCK ENGINES. VICTOR GROWLS SOFTLY.

ILEANA: It's alright, Victor. Don't fret. We'll soon be home. What about your favourite story? The one with the old wolf woman in the forest. And one day an old, old wolf with icicles in his fur came to her. His name was Winter and he begged her to hide him, for a young wolf called Spring was driving him out of the wood. So she took him into her den and hid him. All year long, her den was cold as ice, and snow piled up on the inside of her door. But she put on her coat and kept him safe. Just like I keep you safe, dearest Victor.

FX: VICTOR'S GROWLS SLOWLY FORM INTO A WORD...

VICTOR: Mother.

ILEANA: (*IMMENSE RELIEF*) That's right, Victor. Mother's

here. Now sleep. Just sleep.

FX: VICTOR'S BREATHING STEADIES.

ILEANA: (*QUIETLY, TO THE DOCTOR*) It's working, Doctor. I knew it would. I knew Hayashi's medication would work.

DOCTOR: I'm glad he's getting better. But I doubt it's the drugs that are improving his condition.

ILEANA: What do you mean?

DOCTOR: More likely, it's the lack of them.

FX: DISTANT EXPLOSION. THE ENGINES FALTER AND GO CRAZY.

ILEANA: What is it? Inez!

DOCTOR: An explosion. Must be several miles ahead.

ILEANA: The ranch!

SCENE 48. THE DESERT

FX: A RING OF GROWLING AND YAPPING AROUND TURLOUGH & ROSA.

TURLOUGH: Tall, aren't they?

ROSA: Never seen so many. See any that look like you, Turlough? Course not. No redhead wolves here. (*SHOUTS*) Okay you mutts, I'm ready for you!

TURLOUGH: Don't provoke them!

ROSA: They're waiting. Come on, lobos. We're waiting too!

FX: ANGRY WOLF SNARL.

TURLOUGH: Look, if we could start a fire...

ROSA: No time. Got my knife. Grab yourself a branch.

TURLOUGH: A branch'll never hold off so many. Someone once told me that to stop the wolves, you throw the baby out of the sledge.

ROSA: You got a Grandpa too?

TURLOUGH: Sometimes you'd think so. But I meant to distract them.

ROSA: Okay. You're headman.

TURLOUGH: (*UNEASY*) Right. Get up close to the bushes. Then they've only of one line of attack.

FX: ROSA PICKS UP THE JAGUAR PELT.

TURLOUGH: What are you doing?

ROSA: This is my second skin.

TURLOUGH: The jaguar pelt.

ROSA: Wolf takes a man, but jaguar takes a wolf. It's mine to wear. Spirit of the forest. And the forest's in me.

FX: ANOTHER WOLF SNARL.

TURLOUGH: They don't like that.

ROSA: And I got a claw of silver.

FX: WOLF SNARL CLOSER.

TURLOUGH: Rosa, don't be a stupid kid.

ROSA: Ancient spirits rise in me. Be in me. Ancient spirits rise in me. Be in me... (*REPEATS*)

FX: THE SPIRIT DRUMMING STARTS UP.

TURLOUGH: Rosa! Stop it! Stay here!

FX: WOLF GROWLS START DRAWING IN.

ROSA: Get off me! (*PULLS FREE*) Forest spirits be in me. Rise in me. Save the forest...!

TURLOUGH: Rosa!
FX: SNARL AS A WOLF HURLS ITSELF AT ROSA. FIGHTING BETWEEN THEM.

ROSA: (STRUGGLING WITH THE WOLF) Battle... the dark!
FX: WOLF GIVES HIDEOUS YELP AND SCRABBLES AWAY.

ROSA: Okay, lobos! Which of you's next for the Jaguar Maiden?!

FX: A WOLF SNARLING IN ON TURLOUGH.

ROSA: Turlough!

FX: HE CRIES OUT, SWOOSHING OUT WITH A BRANCH.

TURLOUGH: Get away from me!

ROSA: I got it!

FX: ANOTHER WOLF YELP. IT SCRAMBLES OFF.

ROSA: (JUBILANT) Silver bites, lobos! Stay clear!

TURLOUGH: The big white one! Look out!

FX: A DEEP WOLF GROWL. WALLOP! A BIG SCUFFLING FIGHT IN WHICH WE HEAR WOLF SNARLS AND THE HINT OF BIG CAT.

TURLOUGH: Rosa!

FX: HITTING AT IT WITH THE BRANCH. THE DRUMMING FADES.

TURLOUGH: Get off her! Get off!

FX: THE WOLF GIVES A BLOOD-CURDLING HOWL & GOES QUIET.

ROSA: Got it.

FX: THE OTHERS GROWL AROUND

TURLOUGH: (HORRIFIED) It's a man. It was human! Oh, God, I hate this planet!

ROSA: (QUIET. BREATHING FAST & WITH DIFFICULTY.) Is it dead?

TURLOUGH: Think so. The rest've pulled back again. (BEAT)
 You're bleeding.

ROSA: They're no pack of werewolves.

TURLOUGH: Gently...

ROSA: A pack would attack together. Ow, my shoulder!

FX: A DISTANT WOLF HOWL. STUBBE IS COMING.

TURLOUGH: What's that? They're pulling right back. They're going. Just like before.

ROSA: (AFRAID) It's him. The Lobo King...

FX: CLICKS ON HER RECORDER.

STUBBE: (ON THE RECORDER -From Part 2) "But don't stray, because one night I'll be waiting round the next corner and I'll still be hungry."

FX: RECORDER CLICKS OFF.

TURLOUGH: (AGITATED) No. That's what he said to me. He's coming for me, not you.

ROSA: Turlough...

TURLOUGH: I'll get him away, Rosa. It's me he wants. Try to hide. I'll get him away.

FX: TURLOUGH RUNS. ROSA'S TOO WEAK TO FOLLOW.

ROSA: Turlough! Come back!

FX: SCRABBLES AROUND.

ROSA: Where's my knife? (SHE STARTS TO COUGH) You took my knife.

FX: A DISTANT WOLF BELLOW -HALF ROAR, HALF GULP, AND A YELL

FROM TURLOUGH WHICH GOES MUFFLED AS HE'S SWALLOWED ALIVE.

ROSA: Turlough! (BEAT. THEN HALF-CRYING) Turlough. It's my fight. My goddamn fight! (SUDDEN GASP AS SHE SEES SOMETHING.)

FX: A WOLF MOVES IN GROWLING.

SCENE 49. DESERT (REMAINS OF RANCHO DE SANTOS)

FX: THE CRACKLE OF A FIRE. CICADAS IN BACKGROUND. A HOVER TRUCK ENGINE APPROACHES AND RUNS DOWN. THE DOOR OPENS. THE DOCTOR, ILEANA & INEZ GET DOWN. ANOTHER TRUCK RUNS DOWN A LITTLE WAY OFF.

ILEANA: (DISBELIEF) It's gone. The whole ranch. Just blown away.

DOCTOR: Don't go too close.

INEZ: Senhora?

ILEANA: (ANGRY) Federico built it for us! For Victor and me!

INEZ: Senhora?

ILEANA: Let me be!

DOCTOR: (QUIETLY) Inez, what about the others?

INEZ: They should have been here. Tino and twenty more, waiting for the Senhora.

DOCTOR: We must search for any survivors. Perhaps you and Jorge... Ileana. I'm sorry.

ILEANA: He did this.

DOCTOR: Pieter Stubbe?

ILEANA: The shadow, as you say, Doctor, got here before us.

DOCTOR: Does he really hate you so much?

ILEANA: He's Pieter Stubbe. He revels in hatred. It's what he is. He never changes.

HAYASHI: (COMING UP) Senhora? What's happened?

(ILEANA GRABS HIM)

ILEANA: (FURIOUS) Did you know this, Hayashi? Have you spoken to Pieter Stubbe?

HAYASHI: To who? I don't know what you mean!

FX: SHE THROWS HIM TO THE GROUND. THE CICADAS GO QUIET.

DOCTOR: (WARNING ABOUT SOMETHING HE HAS SEEN)
Ileana.

ILEANA: How did he know where we were going? How did he know my vidlink code?

HAYASHI: I'm here to cure your son...

INEZ: Senhora.

ILEANA: Liar! I'll tear your throat out!

DOCTOR: Ileana, look.

ILEANA: What?

FX: A GENERAL PANTING LIKE A PACK OF DOGS APPROACHES.

INEZ: (IN AWE) They're all here. All of them.

HAYASHI: They're all monsters.

DOCTOR: They're all wolves. (MUTTERING) Stay by me, Hayashi. Whatever you do, don't move suddenly.

ILEANA: (ADDRESSING THE PACK) Sisters and brothers. I

feared that this disaster had overtaken us, but you have answered my summons. Thank you all. We have much to speak of. (*SENSES TROUBLE.*) What is it? What's the matter? Anton? Is that you skulking there? Why are you back so soon?

FX: GENERAL GROWLING, FROM WHICH ONE PANTING WOLF EMERGES, APPROACHING ILEANA.

DOCTOR: Is this Herr Lichtfuss?

HAYASHI: In his true shape.

INEZ: The fool. What's he carrying?

DOCTOR: Well, it's not Turlough.

ILEANA: Anton? Is this for me?

FX: CLUMP AS LICHTFUSS DROPS SOMETHING HEAVY AT ILEANA'S FEET.

ROSA: (*GROANING*) ..Grandpa...?

LICHTFUSS: (*HIS VOICE IS A DEEP GROWL*) A token of my devotion.

ILEANA: What is it? I didn't send you out for this.

LICHTFUSS: (*PLAYING THE CROWD*) For all to see. I bring this gift for you to do with as you will.

ILEANA: She's just a cutclaw child.

LICHTFUSS: She fights like a forest cat. She killed Mr Talbot with a silver blade before I overpowered her.

FX: SNARLS OF ANGER FROM THE COMPANY.

LICHTFUSS: She's yours, Ileana. She should be driven and hunted. As should all cutclaws.

FX: MORE WOLFISH APPROVALS.

ILEANA: What nonsense. I sent you to find Turlough. Where is he?

LICHTFUSS: You'll not see that little skunk again.

DOCTOR: (*MOVING IN*) Why? What's happened to him?

LICHTFUSS: Ah. (*TO THE WOLVES*) This is him, brothers and sisters. This is the latest cutclaw that she grants her favours to.

FX: WOLFISH DISAPPROVAL & MUTTERING.

DOCTOR: Where's Turlough, Lichtfuss?

LICHTFUSS: Gone. Swallowed down. Barely a mouthful, I'd say.

ILEANA: Who swallowed him? (*GROWING FEAR - TO THE PACK*) Why are you all in wolf-shape? Why this blood-lust? Who have you been talking to?

DOCTOR: Turlough's my friend. Who's responsible?

FX: MORE MUTTERING.

ILEANA: The Doctor is to be trusted. He helped save my son.

HAYASHI: (*ANGRY*) Saved him? What have you done, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Go away, Hayashi.

HAYASHI: Now you see what it's like to lose an assistant. And Victor is my work.

DOCTOR: Hayashi, to you he's just a laboratory rat!

LICHTFUSS: So this Doctor saved your son. Is he wolf, born and blooded? Is he stronger than me? If I challenge him, will he face me, tooth and claw? (*BEAT*) Will you, Doctor? (*BEAT*) Well?

DOCTOR: (*CALM*) You're wasting your time, Lichtfuss. There are greater threats to your people.

ILEANA: (*HURT*) Doctor?

LICHTFUSS: He is too weak to face me! Ileana, by our laws and with no other challenge, I claim you as my mate!

FX: BARKS AND BAYING OF APPROVAL FROM THE WOLVES.

ILEANA: I belong to no one, Lichtfuss!

STUBBE: (*DISTANT*) Ileana!

FX: THE WOLVES FALL SILENT.

DOCTOR: Inez, is this him? The shadow you've been running from?

INEZ: (*AFRAID*) It's the Grey One. A legend amongst us. Oldest and most fierce of our kind.

DOCTOR: Indeed. Pieter Stubbe. I didn't realise how tall he'd be.

ILEANA: (*HALF CHOKED*) Pieter...

STUBBE: Your nameday's long past, Ileana... but I brought you a present anyway.

FX: STUBBE COUGHS AND ANOTHER BODY DROPS ON THE FLOOR. (TURLOUGH CHOKES AND SPLUTTERS FOR AIR.)

DOCTOR: (*QUIET*) Turlough!

INEZ: (*WHISPERING*) Stay here. Don't move.

ILEANA: I don't want your presents, Pieter. What have you done to my home?

STUBBE: Don't take him then. He stuck in my throat too long. I've never tasted worse.

DOCTOR: (*MOVING FORWARD*) Turlough. It's me. Try to breathe slowly.

TURLOUGH: (*CHOKING*) Doctor...

STUBBE: What's this? (*SNIFFS*)

ILEANA: Doctor, go back!

STUBBE: Ah, I was told I had a rival.

DOCTOR: Mr Stubbe, what big eyes you have.

STUBBE: They see nothing in you, that's plain.

DOCTOR: How very kind. You also have the digestive system of a power shovel.

STUBBE: Ileana, this one stinks of sanctimony like those capuchin friars we devoured on pilgrimage to Rome.

ILEANA: That was not with me.

STUBBE: (*CHUCKLES*) Perhaps not.

ILEANA: The Doctor has my protection. By our laws, he's in my keeping.

STUBBE: We'll see. (*BEAT*) Well, quite a crowd. I thought they should come to see us off.

ILEANA: I'm not going anywhere.

STUBBE: Oh, yes you are. You'll come back with me. I'll soon put a stop to your cutclaw pretensions.

LICHTFUSS: Stubbe! Stand away from her. She's mine!

STUBBE: (*CHIDING*) Ileana. Another rival? How you must have missed me. You change lovers as a whore changes petticoats.

ILEANA: Anton, go back.

LICHTFUSS: You're old, Stubbe. Your legendary days are past. Get back to the old world where you belong.

STUBBE: Come closer and say that. (*MOCK DODDERING*) My ears are not what they were.

ILEANA: Anton...
LICHTFUSS: I said, old wolf, that it's time to let young blood have its head!
FX: STUBBE ROARS. LICHTFUSS HOWLS AS STUBBE SWALLOWS HIM WHOLE WITH ONE HUGE CHOMPING GULP.
ILEANA: Anton!
DOCTOR: (*URGENT*) Turlough, up you come. Lean on me.
FX: GENERAL CONSTERNATION AMONGST THE WOLVES. WHICH FADES INTO THE BACKGROUND AS WE FOLLOW THE PROGRESS OF THE DOCTOR AND TURLOUGH.

SCENE 50. THE HOVER TRUCK.

FX: GENERAL BABBLE OF WOLVES IN THE BACKGROUND. THE TRUCK DOOR OPENS.

DOCTOR: In here, Turlough. Just stay in the truck and stay out of sight.
TURLOUGH: (*WEAK*) What am I covered in? Ugh... (*COUGHS*) My eyes sting.
DOCTOR: I have to get that unfortunate girl in the jaguar skin away from them.
TURLOUGH: Rosa?
DOCTOR: You know her?
TURLOUGH: I left her behind. When they attacked us.
(*PANICKING*) Then *He* came for me. His mouth was opening redder and redder! And then I was drowning in this stinking pit...
DOCTOR: Turlough. Turlough! I'm here. I'll get her away too.
TURLOUGH: (*EXHAUSTED*) Take this. It's her knife. She gave it to me.
DOCTOR: It's silver.
FX: ANOTHER BAYING FROM THE WOLVES.
TURLOUGH: What is it now?
DOCTOR: They're busy again. (*ANGRY*) This has got to stop. Stay there and don't move.
TURLOUGH: No, Doctor. Don't do anything stupid!
FX: TRUCK DOOR SLAMS.

SCENE 51. RUINS OF THE RANCH

FX: BRING UP THE BAYING CROWD.

STUBBE: Quiet, you rabble! I'm sick of your commentary. Quiet!
FX: THE WOLVES QUIETEN DOWN.
STUBBE: Haha. You see? They know their King. Just the instinct to stay alive makes them cheer in all the right places.
ILEANA: You never could exert charm when terror would suffice. Poor, stupid Anton.
STUBBE: So much for your string of peccadillos. My strength of will remains implacable. Age and enforced abstinence only make it stronger, my long-lost love. I'll cut out every rival.
HAYASHI: Senhora! Please.
ILEANA: Go away, Hayashi.
HAYASHI: But the Doctor. He's taken Turlough.

DOCTOR: (ARRIVING BACK) I'm right here, Ileana. And I'm taking the girl too.

ILEANA: Leave her, Doctor. She and the boy are mine. (BEAT) But in return for saving my son, I will release Turlough to you.

STUBBE: That boy was my gift...

DOCTOR: Thank you, Ileana. Mr Stubbe? I think you've already met Doctor Hayashi.

HAYASHI: You can't touch me. I'm in the pay of the Senhora.

DOCTOR: Hayashi, you'd sell your own grandmother if you were offered a good price.

STUBBE: Grandmothers? Huh, I had my fill of grandmothers long ago.

DOCTOR: And did Hayashi tell you about his patent genetic cure for lycanthropy?

STUBBE: No. He did not.

ILEANA: What cure? Hayashi?

HAYASHI: (FLOUNDERING) Well... yes, it's true. I'll prove it. Your son... he's already recovering.

ILEANA: Only because the Doctor stopped your medication.

HAYASHI: But it's my breakthrough. I can end all your suffering for ever. The Doctor is deliberately hampering my research.

DOCTOR: Only hampering? I'd gladly wind it up for good. Ileana's people have their own age-old culture and laws. But your research, Hayashi, is nothing short of genocide. I'll fight it. And I'll defend every right of the wolf people not to be cured.

ILEANA: And I'll support you, Doctor.

HAYASHI: Senhora, this man is a charlatan!

STUBBE: (LAUGHS) How you prattle. I've had fleas with more sense. I am the oldest of the first-born, spawned out of the slime after the Deluge. Time's by-ways are mine to prowl and hunt. And all other wolves are my progeny. Humans were raised as my cattle - a right I should have taken long ago. Even for those who deny our heritage.

ILEANA: I won't come back to you, Pieter. I'm no longer your consort.

STUBBE: Human affectations. I'll take you anyway.

ILEANA: You will not.

STUBBE: How can you resist? You're mine, Ileana. And no one can change that.

(BEAT)

DOCTOR: Pieter Stubbe!

STUBBE: Huh?

ILEANA: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Stand away from her, Pieter Stubbe. She's no longer yours. Time's left you far behind and you've lost its scent. You're burnt out. So just give up and go back to the slime you crawled out of.

HAYASHI: (GLEEFUL) Oh, Doctor. You are such a fool.

STUBBE: (DEEP AND WARY) Is this a challenge? (SNIFFS) What is he? He's no champion. (DISGUSTED) He's like that foul-tasting boy. He's not even human!

DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor and I'm offering Ileana my protection. I'm stronger and more worthy than any puny human or wolf. (STUBBE GROWLS ANGRILY.)

ILEANA: Doctor? Before all of us, do you understand the law implicit in your challenge?

DOCTOR: If I don't make a stand, your endeavours, (*RAISES VOICE*) even your people, may be swept aside by this old and monstrous anachronism.

ILEANA: So be it. From now, Doctor, I withdraw my protection from you. If you prove worthy and truly faithful, (*BEAT*) then I'll take you as my husband and rejoice in it!

FX: UPROAR AMONGST THE WOLVES.

CLOSING MUSIC.

PART FOUR

SCENE 52. RUINS OF THE RANCH

(THE DOCTOR, PIETER STUBBE, ILEANA AND HAYASHI, PLUS A LOAD OF SILENT WEREWOLVES.)

HAYASHI: (GLEEFUL) Oh, Doctor. You are such a fool.
STUBBE: (DEEP AND WARY) Is this a challenge? (SNIFFS) What is he? He's no champion. (DISGUSTED) He's like that foul-tasting boy. He's not even human!
DOCTOR: I'm the Doctor and I'm offering Ileana my protection. I'm stronger and more worthy than any puny human or wolf. (STUBBE GROWLS ANGRILY.)
ILEANA: Doctor? Do you understand the law implicit in your challenge?
DOCTOR: If I don't make a stand, your endeavours, (RAISES VOICE) even your people, may be swept aside by this old and monstrous anachronism.
ILEANA: So be it. From now I withdraw my protection from you, Doctor. If you prove worthy and truly faithful, (BEAT) then I shall take you as my husband and rejoice in it!
FX: UPROAR AMONGST THE WOLVES.

SCENE 53. THE HOVER TRUCK.

FX: FADE BELLOWING WOLVES TO DISTANCE.
(TURLOUGH IS WATCHING.)

TURLOUGH: (TO HIMSELF) Oh Doctor, what are you doing now? You don't stand a chance against that lot. (SEARCHING) Car keys. Must be some sort of ignition.
FX: MOVEMENT IN THE TRUCK BEHIND HIM.
TURLOUGH: Who's that?
FX: HEAVY DIVIDER PUSHED BACK.
VICTOR: (GROGGY GROWL) Who are you? Where's my mother?
TURLOUGH: (NERVOUS) Victor? Your mother's not here. Shouldn't you be resting?
VICTOR: (ANGRY) I'm cold without my coat. Where is she!

SCENE 54. THE RANCH RUINS.

FX: LOW BACKGROUND GROWLING AND YAPPING OF THE WOLVES.
(THE DOCTOR, STUBBE, ILEANA AND HAYASHI)

STUBBE: (VERY MENACING) She's set up you up, Doctor. I've never seen a bridegroom so reluctant.
DOCTOR: If it stops you, then yes... yes, I'll do it.
STUBBE: You think you're stronger than me?! (COMING VERY CLOSE) Are you worthy, Doctor? Truly worthy of her?
ILEANA: Don't fail me, Doctor. I trust you.
DOCTOR: (UNCOMFORTABLE) Why Mr Stubbe, what a big, wide, gaping (TRYING TO STAND HIS GROUND) drooling, red mouth you

have.

STUBBE: All the better to crunch and gollop you down, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Really? (*BEAT*) But you wouldn't, would you? I might be too spicy for your jaded palate.

(*STUBBE GROWLS*)

DOCTOR: What an unadventurous Earth-bound diet. You couldn't even stomach poor Turlough. And you've already had a heavy day's eating.

STUBBE: (*RATTLED*) Ileana? What can he give you that I can't raise a thousandfold?

ILEANA: He gave me my son back.

STUBBE: Oh, yes, your son. How touching. It's plain I left you alone too long.

ILEANA: No, I left you.

STUBBE: And now the cutclaws you love so much, have run wild. They've trampled our forests to dust. But together we'll set it right. We'll herd the cutclaws like the cattle they are. I'll lay their cities at your feet. Let's see your worthy champion do that!

ILEANA: Having Victor back is enough.

VICTOR: (*ARRIVING*) Mother?

STUBBE: Ah, the young cub himself.

ILEANA: Victor. What are you doing? Come here to me.

VICTOR: I'm cold, mother. I miss my coat.

DOCTOR: (*MUTTERING*) Turlough, I told you to stay hidden!

TURLOUGH: I didn't exactly have a choice. What about Rosa?

DOCTOR: All in good time.

STUBBE: Let's look at the boy then. Is he blooded yet?

ILEANA: Leave him alone!

VICTOR: (*AFRAID*) Mother? Who's this?

ILEANA: It's alright, Victor.

STUBBE: No matter. (*BEAT*) Doctor, join me. We have a common enemy.

DOCTOR: We have?

STUBBE: That greedy leech, Hayashi. Let's make sport with him.

DOCTOR: Ah, no, Pieter. I fear I must decline...

STUBBE: Come now. He's insulted our mistress. Where is he?

FX: WOLVES YAPPING.

STUBBE: Ah, there he is, hoping to slip away unnoticed.

Hayashi!

HAYASHI: (*DISTANT*) No! Leave me alone.

STUBBE: Come here.

FX: A DEEP NOTE OF POWER BUILDS.

HAYASHI: (*COMING CLOSER. TERRIFIED & SUBMISSIVE*) I'm here. Please, I'm here.

TURLOUGH: (*INCRECULOUS*) He can't resist. They're just reeling him in.

DOCTOR: They did the same to you. (*ALOUD*) Ileana. You can stop this!

ILEANA: That man nearly destroyed Victor.

VICTOR: (*HALF GROWL*) Mother. I want to take him!

(SNARLS)

STUBBE: What do you say, Doctor? How long a start shall we give him? An hour? Half a day? Not too long, I think. The others here are eager for the kill.

HAYASHI: *(WHIMPERING)* Please, Doctor! Just make them stop. I've done nothing wrong.

DOCTOR: Hayashi, stay still! Don't give in to your instincts.

HAYASHI: I want to run!

DOCTOR: Ileana? You must stop this.

STUBBE: Leave Ileana to me!

ILEANA: *(STRUGGLING TO RESIST)* Hayashi... betrayed... my trust.

STUBBE: She can't resist. None of them can. It's their nature. Yours too, Doctor. Deep, deep down. So join us!

DOCTOR: I will not! Ileana, remember everything you told me. Don't give in to the shadows.

ILEANA: Inez! Where are you? Help me!

FX: WOLF YAP.

ILEANA: *(WEAKENING)* Inez? No, don't join him. I trusted you... Jorge, where are you?

STUBBE: *(LAUGHING)* Your servants are long gone. I bring out the night in everything. Just do it! Unleash your heart's darkest desires!

ILEANA: *(VOICE DARKENS AS HER WILL GIVES WAY)* It's true. I want it. *(SNARLS)*

STUBBE: My love. I'd forgotten your coat was so glossy. *(HE LAUGHS AS SHE MOVES AWAY SNARLING)*

DOCTOR: Don't listen, Turlough.

TURLOUGH: I'm not. I'm sticking with you.

STUBBE: And you, Doctor. Tear off that pious mask and let's see the dark side of your nature.

FX: DEEP NOTE OF MENACE BUILDS AGAIN.

TURLOUGH: Doctor? Don't look at his eyes. Doctor!

STUBBE: Doctor...

DOCTOR: *(FEVERISH CONCENTRATION)* "It is an ancient Mariner, And he stoppeth one of three. 'By thy long grey beard... *(FALTERS)* and *glittering* eye... *(STRUGGLING)* *glittering* eye ... *glittering... glittering...*" *(REPEATS)*

STUBBE: *(OVER THE DOCTOR)* You're no challenge to me, Doctor. And you can't resist for long. You'll soon follow.

DOCTOR: *(FORCING THROUGH)* "And... *glittering* eye... now wherefore... stopp'st thou me..."

STUBBE: *(OVER THE DOCTOR)* Run, Hayashi. Run for your pitiful life!

HAYASHI: You're monsters! All of you! Monsters! *(HE GIVES A LONG WAIL AS HE RUNS INTO THE DISTANCE.)*

STUBBE: *(HOLDING BACK)* Wait... Wait... The humans love the chase as much as we do.

(BEAT. BEAT)

STUBBE GIVES A HOWL. THE OTHER WOLVES TAKE IT UP. THE RUMPUS GRADUALLY FADES INTO THE DISTANCE...

SCENE 55. RANCH RUINS.

FX: THE WILD RUMPUS OF THE BAYING PACK IN THE DISTANCE.

TURLOUGH: Doctor?

(ROSA MOANS)

TURLOUGH: Rosa? Come on. We can't stay here!

DOCTOR: *(DEEP MUTTERING TO HIMSELF)* "Hold off! Unhand me, grey-beard loon."

TURLOUGH: Doctor? I need your help.

(DOCTOR STARTS TO GROWL, THREATENING AND WOLF-LIKE.)

TURLOUGH: Doctor! It's Turlough. *(DOCTOR SNARLS)* Listen, we must get back to the TARDIS.

DOCTOR: *(GASPS)* The TARDIS. Yes.

"Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
Because he knows, a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread."

(DEEP BREATH, EXHAUSTED) To know one's enemy, one must first know oneself... Not to worry, Turlough. Thank you. I'm back again.

TURLOUGH: *(RELIEF)* I thought for a minute that you'd... I mean, that Stubbe...

DOCTOR: I'm quite happy with my own coat, thank you. *(HALF MOCKING)* Surely you know me by now. Why, I'm no more aggressive than Alice's White Rabbit.

TURLOUGH: And about as reliable a timekeeper.

DOCTOR: What!

TURLOUGH: ...as er, Tegan once said to me.

DOCTOR: *(PLEASED)* Did she? How reassuring.

FX: VERY DISTANT HOWLS.

TURLOUGH: We can't stay here.

DOCTOR: I agree. Into the hovertruck. Give me a hand with your friend.

TURLOUGH: *(HEFTING HER UP)* Come on, Rosa.

ROSA: *(HALF ASLEEP)* What is it? Grandpa? That you?

TURLOUGH: *(GENTLE)* Shush. It's alright. You're safe now.

ROSA: *(SNUGGLING)* Oh, Turlough. It's you. Good. That's okay.

TURLOUGH: *(EMBARRASSED)* Erm... I'd introduce you, but...

FX: A REALLY BLOOD-CURDLING DISTANT SCREAM FROM HAYASHI, FOLLOWED BY A CHORUS OF HOWLS AND BARKING.

DOCTOR: Hayashi! *(URGENT)* That settles it. Back to the TARDIS.

FX: OPENS TRUCK DOOR. THEY CLAMBER IN.

TURLOUGH: They move fast. They'll soon catch us up.

DOCTOR: We'll see. Stubbe's more a runner than a high-jumper. Altitude is the thorn in his Achilles paw, you might say.

TURLOUGH: Okay, she's inside.

FX: SLAMS TRUCK DOOR.

DOCTOR: Right. Let's see if this truck is really airworthy.

FX: STARTS IGNITION.

DOCTOR: I don't want another bout with Stubbe. Not until I'm

ready. Think wonderful thoughts, Turlough. And up we go!
FX: THE ENGINE STARTS TO REV UP. THE TRUCK TAKES OFF. WE HEAR IT DEPART INTO THE DISTANCE.

SCENE 56. HOVER TRUCK

*FX: TRUCK IN FLIGHT.
(THE DOCTOR, TURLOUGH AND ROSA)*

TURLOUGH: No sign of them down there. Where are they?
DOCTOR: Look left. At ten o'clock. That cloud of dust.
TURLOUGH: Is that them? They're not heading back to the ranch at all. They move so fast.
DOCTOR: Stubbe obviously considers me less of a threat than I thought. Arrogant really... arrogant of him. They're heading for the cattle station... and the train.
TURLOUGH: And the TARDIS. Stubbe said he'd lay whole cities at Ileana's feet.
DOCTOR: His equivalent of a bunch of flowers, no doubt. The line heads towards Manaus. Odd that. You'd think they'd cause more havoc in Brasilia.
TURLOUGH: But a pack of werewolves against a whole city. They can't be that powerful.
DOCTOR: You've seen how they control people. Even the most advanced civilisations are only an inch away from primal chaos. You can barely shine a moonbeam between the two. As for Stubbe. He's possibly the deadliest individual this planet has ever produced.
FX: SLIDING DOOR PULLS BACK.
ROSA: Turlough. I want my knife back. *(SEES THE VIEW.)* JeeZus! Where's the ground!
DOCTOR: This truck is currently cruising at a height of one hundred and twenty feet. How do you do? I'm the Doctor and you're Turlough's friend Rosa.
TURLOUGH: Sit down, Rosa. How are you feeling?
ROSA: Air sick. Did you get me away from the lobos?
TURLOUGH: Well...
DOCTOR: Not exactly. The wolves found something less wholesome to chase.
ROSA: Yeah? Grandpa said they always go for the weakest. So give me my knife now, yerpi-boy.
TURLOUGH: Erm...
DOCTOR: It's here. Turlough only took it to try and protect you.
TURLOUGH: That is true.
ROSA: Yeah?
DOCTOR: I'm glad to hear it. The knife's chaste silver, isn't it?
ROSA: Only thing that does for Loups-garoux. They hate it.
TURLOUGH: Like silver bullets?
DOCTOR: The metal of the moon. That's an old charm. Lucky you had it, Turlough. Why else do you think Stubbe couldn't swallow you?
TURLOUGH: Thanks, Doctor. There's the monorail. They're at the train already!

DOCTOR: Hold tight. I'm taking her down.
FX: THE TRUCK BANKS NOISILY. OBJECTS CLATTER ACROSS SIDEWAYS.

TURLOUGH: Steady!
DOCTOR: These things aren't built for manoeuvres. Now if this was a spitfire...

TURLOUGH: You can't confront them, Doctor. You said yourself..
ROSA: The train's moving.
DOCTOR: Ah.
TURLOUGH: It's going backwards!
DOCTOR: Back to Rio. I should have known. And there's no chance of stopping them.
TURLOUGH: The TARDIS, Doctor.
ROSA: The who?
DOCTOR: We'll have to follow in this thing.
TURLOUGH: But we'll never match their speed.
FX: THE TRUCK ENGINE CROAKS AND GOES INTO A DIVE.

TURLOUGH: What are you doing!
DOCTOR: Sorry! Got to stop them somehow!
TURLOUGH: You'll crash us! *DOCTOR!*
ROSA: The back of the train...! Look.
TURLOUGH: The back carriage. It's broken away!
FX: THE TRUCK PULLS OUT OF THE DIVE.

DOCTOR: Now how did that happen?
TURLOUGH: They've left it behind. The carriage with the TARDIS.
DOCTOR: Ileana. She must have worked it out. That's very clever. And dangerous for her.
TURLOUGH: But it's a chance. She's giving us a chance to stop them.

SCENE 56a. THE TRAIN

FX: TRAIN BACKGROUND.

INEZ: Senhora, the Grey One's calling for you.
ILEANA: Let him wait, Inez. I had to return that object to the Doctor.
INEZ: The blue box?
ILEANA: His scent led back to it. It must be important.
STUBBE: *(DISTANT)* Ileana!
INEZ: *(AFRAID)* Stubbe's coming!
ILEANA: No word, Inez! You hear? It's just a hope, that's all.

SCENE 57. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM

FX: TARDIS HUM. TARDIS DOORS OPEN.

(ROSA, FOLLOWED BY TURLOUGH AND THE DOCTOR)

ROSA: *(OUTSIDE DOORS)* No way! I ain't going in! Get off me!
TURLOUGH: We can't leave you out there.
ROSA: *(PUSHED IN)* You're not locking me up in some crummy... *(FALTERS)* blue... icebox...
DOCTOR: No. Indeed we are not.

ROSA: (STUNNED) Okay... I mean... Jeez, so big...
TURLOUGH: Well, that shut her up.
FX: DOORS BUZZ SHUT.
ROSA: What's that?
TURLOUGH: Just the doors. So we can travel.
FX: THE DOCTOR IS FLICKING SWITCHES.
DOCTOR: We have to go to Rio.
TURLOUGH: She's got friends in Rio.
ROSA: You're crazy. First it's lobos. Now it's locos. So big...
TURLOUGH: It's just a different reality. Once you get used to it, it seems like the only reality.
DOCTOR: Perhaps it's my reality.
TURLOUGH: That's right. And while the outside's always changing, some of us are lucky enough to be allowed in here, looking out through a door that's never in the same place twice.
ROSA: Like in my head. What's inside's bigger than what's outside.
TURLOUGH: Your dancing forest.
ROSA: Yeah.
ROSA & TURLOUGH: Yada yada yada. (THEY LAUGH)
FX: HINTS OF SPIRIT DRUMMING MERGE INTO THE TARDIS DEMATERIALISATION SEQUENCE
TURLOUGH: Is that what the TARDIS runs on, Doctor? Imagination?
DOCTOR: Sometimes it certainly has a mind of its own. Shouldn't you both get cleaned up?
TURLOUGH: You too, Doctor.
DOCTOR: What?
TURLOUGH: Because if you've got a date, you have to make the effort.
DOCTOR: It's not like that. It's not the end of term dance.
TURLOUGH: I know. But you've still got to look the part. Otherwise she won't lift a claw to take a second look.
DOCTOR: (GLUM) If only it were that simple.

SCENE 58. TARDIS BEDROOM

FX: TARDIS BACKGROUND HUM. SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT TONE. AN INNER TARDIS DOOR CLICKS SHUT. CLICK/BEEP OF ROSA'S COMPUTER.

ROSA: Grandpa? Can't talk now. Maybe not for a bit. Too much happening. Can't get my head round it. There's a whole load of dark. And the lobos are coming out of the shadows. Don't know what's next up. But there's light too. All round me. Must be full moon already. The walls in this place are all made of moons. S'pose there's other spirits outside the forest? Maybe I found the future. Maybe *it* found me. But I still got the forest. Still here. And you're here too, Grandpa. Time's coming when I get to prove myself. I won't forget. (BEAT) See you, Grandpa.
FX: COMPUTER CLICKS OFF.

SCENE 59. TURLOUGH'S ROOM

FX: TARDIS HUM SHIFTS TONE AGAIN. KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

TURLOUGH: Hullo?

FX: DOOR OPENS.

DOCTOR: (UNUSUALLY AWKWARD) Turlough... (BEAT) How are you?

TURLOUGH: Don't hover, Doctor. Come in.

DOCTOR: As long as you're not busy.

TURLOUGH: (PATIENCE) Is there a problem?

DOCTOR: No, I was just... I seem to... By the way, how did you resist Pieter Stubbe? I mean, his powers of persuasion.

TURLOUGH: I don't know. I just closed my eyes and thought of... Home?

DOCTOR: Well, thoughts are all I get.

DOCTOR: Yes. Thank you.

(BEAT)

TURLOUGH: Doctor?

DOCTOR: Yes?

TURLOUGH: What are you getting yourself into?

DOCTOR: Sorry?

TURLOUGH: Ileana de Santos. I mean, she's a wolf. Half a wolf.

DOCTOR: She chose me. And she gave me back the TARDIS. At considerable risk...

TURLOUGH: But you're not obliged to book a church and a honeymoon. I'd steer well clear.

DOCTOR: Someone has to stop Pieter Stubbe and never mind the cost. He's a serious threat. And all because he has to outdo me in Ileana's affections.

TURLOUGH: Ah. So it's your fault.

DOCTOR: Oh yes, and that's another thing...

TURLOUGH: Yes?

DOCTOR: Well, I'd hoped... erm, you see, Ileana... Well... since you and Rosa...

TURLOUGH: What! Oh, now hang on, Doctor... you're jumping to conclusions... Do you mean... I mean, me? Oh, come on! Me and Rosa?!

DOCTOR: Well, yes. You see, women... they're not exactly my area. Apart from Tegan... and Nyssa. But they were... friends. I was responsible for them. That wasn't the same.

TURLOUGH: Good friends.

DOCTOR: And there was Sarah-Jane of course. And Jo and Romana... both of her. Zoe and Victoria. Dodo and Vicki and Barbara.

TURLOUGH: And Susan?

DOCTOR: Ah well, of course she was my granddaughter. (SIGH) Sometimes I feel very old.

TURLOUGH: And you think I know better? Look, how do you feel about Ileana?

DOCTOR: (SNAPS) Now you're getting needlessly personal too.

TURLOUGH: Sorry. It was you that asked.

DOCTOR: The important thing is the city. It'll be the height of Carnival by now. The whole place in an emotional frenzy. And then a train-load of hungry werewolves arrives up from the country. There'll be no resistance. It'll be like the last round up.

TURLOUGH: You don't think *His* influence is pushing us all a bit over the top?

DOCTOR: No, Turlough, I do not! (*GOING OUT*) Somehow I dread to think what I'll find when we reach Rio.

FX: DOOR SHUTS.

TURLOUGH: Total devastation? A bride? (*SIGH*) And where does that leave me?

SCENE 60. RIO - STREET

FX: HISS OF STEAM AND DISTANT CAR ALARM ALREADY SOUNDING. THE TARDIS LANDS. CLATTER AS IT KNOCKS SOMETHING OVER. AN EMPTY BEER CAN ROLLS ALONG. TARDIS DOOR OPENS. BROKEN GLASS CRUNCHES UNDERFOOT.

IN THIS SCENE WE NEED TO CONVEY A SENSE OF SPACE. THE THREE CHARACTERS ARE CONSTANTLY MOVING.

ROSA: (*OVER-AWED*) Jeez, the buildings. Like mountains...

DOCTOR: Mind the broken glass.

TURLOUGH: Where is everyone? Where's the Carnaval? The street's deserted.

DOCTOR: Sorry, Turlough. We should have got here earlier. My fault.

ROSA: Feels like a storm's coming.

DOCTOR: Oppressive. Don't think about it.

TURLOUGH: (*DISTANT*) Doctor, there's been a car smash.

DOCTOR: What?

(HE HURRIES OVER)

TURLOUGH: Several smashes. All along the street. Where are the emergency services?

DOCTOR: Everything's gone down together. No one inside this one.

TURLOUGH: The whole city must be cut off. Something big's on fire down towards the bay.

ROSA: It's not real, right? Like you said. It's like a holodrome park. Thought-surfing 'gainst the opponent of your choice.

DOCTOR: (*CALLING BACK AS HE CHECKS CARS*) No, unfortunately, this is real.

ROSA: (*UNEASY*) I'm bored. Can't breathe here. Let's try some place else.

TURLOUGH: It's real, Rosa.

ROSA: It's better on sat-vid.

DOCTOR: (*COMING BACK*) The cars are all empty. I didn't expect them to clear the crowds quite so efficiently.

FX: A VERY DISTANT WOLF HOWL.

TURLOUGH: (*SHIVERS*) Can you feel that?

DOCTOR: Somewhere above the city.

TURLOUGH: It's pressing in. It's in the air, and the buildings. It makes me want to run away.

DOCTOR: With the herd?

TURLOUGH: Yes! Anywhere.

DOCTOR: With all the other *humans*?

TURLOUGH: (*RELAXING*) No. Not humans. You're right. Now who's getting personal?

DOCTOR: I am. Remember that. And don't forget who you

aren't.

TURLOUGH: I put my shadow back behind me, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Good. What about Rosa?

(BEAT)

TURLOUGH: Where is she?

FX: ANOTHER DISTANT WOLF HOWL.

DOCTOR: Always the same with companions. There she goes!

TURLOUGH: Rosa!

FX: THEY RUN.

TURLOUGH: Rosa! Come back!

SCENE 61. RIO - STREET.

FX: DISTANT CAR ALARM SHIFTS PERSPECTIVE. ROSA TAPS OUT A PHONE CODE ON HER COMPUTER. THE DOCTOR AND TURLOUGH RUN UP.

DOCTOR: Rosa!

TURLOUGH: Idiot!

ROSA: *(FEVERISH)* Get off me! I'm making a call.

DOCTOR: It isn't safe out here!

FX: WOLF YAP NEARBY.

ROSA: Get off! I hate this place! It's choking my head!

TURLOUGH: *(HOARSE WHISPER)* They're coming!

FX: HUNDREDS OF FOOTSTEPS ARE APPROACHING.

ROSA: Whoa!

DOCTOR: Inside here!

(ROSA STARTS TO SHOUT, BUT A HAND MUFFLES HER YELLING.)

FX: THEY STUMBLE THROUGH A DOOR.

SCENE 62. SHOP INTERIOR

(THE DOCTOR, TURLOUGH AND ROSA HIDING. ROSA STRUGGLES.)

DOCTOR: Quiet, Rosa.

FX: WOLF BARKING OUTSIDE. THE FOOTSTEPS MUCH CLOSER. A SILENT CROWD.

TURLOUGH: *(WHISPER)* What is it? So many people.

DOCTOR: Don't move.

FX: THE FOOTSTEPS ARE PASSING. WOLF BARKS AS IT CIRCLES AND DRIVES THE CROWD.

TURLOUGH: Horrible. Look at their faces. They're mindless.

DOCTOR: It's herding them. Like cattle.

TURLOUGH: Like lambs to the proverbial...

(ROSA STRUGGLES AGAIN.)

DOCTOR: All right, Rosa. Ssh.

TURLOUGH: Get down!

FX: WOLF YAPS VERY CLOSE BY. THE FOOTSTEPS START TO DWINDLE.

DOCTOR: We have to do something now, before the outside world sends in remote scout cameras and smart troops. We don't want a full scale stampede on our hands.

(BEAT)

TURLOUGH: That's the last. They're going.

DOCTOR: Now where would they corral them? One of the bigger parks?

TURLOUGH: Stay there. I'll find out for you.

DOCTOR: Turlough?

TURLOUGH: Just stay put. And no sudden elopements, please.

DOCTOR: Elopements? Turlough?!

FX: BUT THE DOOR CLOSSES.

DOCTOR: Ouch! No need to bite!

ROSA: Serves you right! We gotta stop him!

DOCTOR: (*FIRM*) He'll be back soon. Turlough's grasp of self preservation is second to none. What about you, Rosa? Were you tempted to join the herd?

ROSA: No way!

DOCTOR: No?

ROSA: No! (*BEAT*) Anyway, Grandpa says the easy path leads under the falling tree. I ain't climbing on the cattle truck with the rest of them. Did you see their eyes?

DOCTOR: Grandpa talks a lot of sense.

ROSA: Sometimes. But I don't reckon he knows everything.

DOCTOR: What tribe are you? Ticuna? Yanamami?

ROSA: Wuarana. But they're dead now. The forest died, so the others came here.

DOCTOR: To Rio?

FX: TAPS OUT CODE ON HER COMPUTER.

ROSA: But I can't raise them on the vidlink. That's dead too.

FX: DEAD TONE.

DOCTOR: Yes. I'm sorry. What about the forest?

FX: WE HEAR HINTS OF THE SPIRITS DRUMMING.

ROSA: Still got it in my head.

DOCTOR: Always there. Like family.

ROSA: The spirits'll drive me crazy. But they had to go somewhere. They're okay about waiting.

DOCTOR: Tell them it's better that way. Don't let them get greedy like Pieter Stubbe.

ROSA: You'd make a good Grandpa too.

DOCTOR: Thanks, Rosa. And maybe Turlough *shouldn't* be out there on his own.

ROSA: Knew you'd see it right. Stick with me, okay? (*MOVES OFF*) And let's make tracks.

SCENE 63. STREET OUTSIDE PARK

FX: TURLOUGH RUNS SOMETHING METAL ALONG RAILINGS. HUMANS TRAPPED INSIDE MAKE FRIGHTENED MOANINGS.

TURLOUGH: Poor old humans, all caged up in a public park.

VICTOR: Turlough?

TURLOUGH: (*JUMPS*) Ha! (*PUTTING IT ON AS VICTOR SNUFFLES ROUND HIM*) Victor, it's you. You've got the *cutclaws* well fenced up.

VICTOR: Where they belong.

TURLOUGH: Did I miss much? I ran all the way from the ranch.

VICTOR: You smell of lies. Where's the Doctor?

TURLOUGH: Oh, he couldn't keep up. You know him. All talk and

no action.

VICTOR: My mother needs him.

TURLOUGH: Does she? Well, if I see him, I'll tell him. Where is she, by the way?

VICTOR: Above. With the Grey One. I'll take you there now.

TURLOUGH: No, I'll just hang round here for a bit. Keep an eye on the cutclaws...

FX: RUNS METAL ALONG RAILINGS AGAIN.

VICTOR: (GROWL) Now! (GRABS TURLOUGH) We run this way.

SCENE 64. STREET.

FX: WE HEAR TURLOUGH AND VICTOR LEAVING FROM A MORE DISTANT PERSPECTIVE.

(THE DOCTOR AND ROSA HAVE BEEN WATCHING. SENSE OF URGENCY.)

ROSA: He's got Turlough. Let me after him. I can outrun any wolf.

DOCTOR: We'll never catch them that way. I've wasted too much time already.

FX: HE SETS OFF AT A PACE. SHE RUNS AFTER HIM.

ROSA: Where're you going?

DOCTOR: Back to the TARDIS.

ROSA: But Turlough...

DOCTOR: Victor said "above." What's above the city, but still close to the Earth?

ROSA: Doctor, wait.

DOCTOR: Must be the Corcovado. The Christ statue. That's where we first sensed Stubbe's presence.

ROSA: (FURIOUS) Doctor! Are you listening?

FX: THEY STOP RUNNING.

ROSA: Turlough's no fighter. One wrong move and he's capybara curry.

DOCTOR: He has his moments. What's more important, Rosa? One young man? Or a whole city - blown out of its wits by the storm force of Pieter Stubbe's will.

ROSA: (UNNERVED) Stubbe?

DOCTOR: And not just the humans. I don't imagine his wolfish cohorts had any say in the matter either. That's what I have to break. (GOING THROUGH HIS POCKETS) Now where did I put that...?

ROSA: (DETERMINED) I still got a date with that lobo king.

DOCTOR: Ah. Knew I had it somewhere.

ROSA: A whistle? You crazy?

DOCTOR: This dog whistle belonged to a faithful friend of mine.

ROSA: And blowing it'll bring every varmint for miles down on us.

DOCTOR: Exactly. And it'll give Stubbe's pack the shuffle it so richly deserves.

(HE BLOWS. BUT THERE'S NO SOUND)

FX: DISTANT WOLF HOWL TO THE LEFT. ANSWERING HOWL FROM THE RIGHT. AND ANOTHER IN THE CENTRE.

SCENE 65. SUMMIT OF THE CORCOVADO

FX: STUBBE IS GNAWING NOISILY AT A BONE. IT CRUNCHES BETWEEN HIS TEETH.

STUBBE: (MOUTH FULL) You're not eating, Ileana.

ILEANA: (COLD) You never stop.

STUBBE: The cutclaws are plumper these days. Remember the Grand Duchess Anastasia?

ILEANA: And Lord Lucan.

STUBBE: Skinny as church wafers. (CRUNCH) But these bones. (SPITS) Brittle as twigs.

FX: A BONE CLATTERS AWAY ACROSS THE GROUND. VERY DISTANT HOWLS REACH UP FROM THE CITY BELOW.

STUBBE: What's that rumpus?

ILEANA: (QUIET EXCITEMENT) It's the Doctor. He must be down in the city already.

STUBBE: Never.

FX: HE GIVES A MIGHTY HOWL WHICH ECHOES INTO THE DISTANCE. (BEAT)

STUBBE: Your precious champion won't dare show his snout. Smell that air. The scent of fear rising up from the city. Remember Moscow.

ILEANA: Old times, long gone.

STUBBE: I won't ask you again, Ileana.

ILEANA: I will not be your consort. Never.

STUBBE: (ANGRY) I've given you what you wanted. All the wolves brought together.

ILEANA: Reduced to a limp-tailed mob cringing under your tyranny.

STUBBE: Careful. Or I'll turn that will on you too.

ILEANA: You already have.

(STUBBE SNIFFS)

STUBBE: (DISTASTE) There *is* a scent. What is it?

ILEANA: (RELIEF) It *is* him. The Doctor.

VICTOR: (ARRIVING) Mother.

ILEANA: (DISAPPOINTED) Victor.

STUBBE: Well, the cub comes on leaps and bounds. What have you fetched us, boy?

FX: TURLOUGH CLUMPS TO THE FLOOR.

VICTOR: He was slinking round the cattle pens.

ILEANA: Turlough.

STUBBE: Ugh, that pastey, vinegar-veined youth. I'll never get rid of the taste!

ILEANA: Turlough, where's the Doctor?

TURLOUGH: (EXHAUSTED) The Doctor?

ILEANA: Yes. I knew he'd come for me. Where is he? Victor, go back down and look.

TURLOUGH: (CONTEMPT) Don't imagine the Doctor's going to defend you now.

ILEANA: What? What do you mean?

(STUBBE LAUGHS)

TURLOUGH: Not after what you've done. He's very particular

about who he travels with.

FX: ANOTHER CHORUS OF HOWLS FROM THE CITY BELOW.

SCENE 66. STREET

FX: THE DOCTOR AND ROSA SURROUNDED BY GROWLING WOLVES, INCLUDING INEZ.

ROSA: You still think this was a good idea?

DOCTOR: Just edge up to the TARDIS door... and keep that knife out of sight. *(TO CROWD)* My friends. How good it is to see you come when you're called. First to Pieter Stubbe's will. And then to my whistle. Splendid stuff.

FX: GENERAL WOLFISH DISSENT.

DOCTOR: I'm sure that Pieter Stubbe knows best, because he's an honourable wolf. So it's good to see you out in the open, not skulking behind your own shadows.

INEZ: Stubbe promised us our age-old rights.

DOCTOR: Inez, you don't sound too sure. Not to worry. Stubbe's a good fellow. He'll have it all in hand. So tell me, how will you manage to feed and water the cutclaw herds? The stupid creatures can't look after themselves. And what about the human troops, when they roll up to take back their city?

INEZ: Stubbe said he'd lead us.

DOCTOR: From up on the hill. Loosing his dogs of war against smart weapons and wolf-seeking missiles? How magnanimous of him. You used to run free and choose for yourselves, but now he does it for you.

FX: ANGRY GROWLS.

ROSA: Watch it, Doctor. They're turning nasty.

DOCTOR: That's the idea. *(ALOUD)* Soon you won't have to think at all. Soon you'll be nothing but a kennel full of the honourable Pieter Stubbe's lapdog poodles!

FX: TUMULT OF SNARLS AND HOWLS.

SCENE 67. SUMMIT OF THE CORCOVADO

FX: HOWLS OF THE DISTANT ROUSED RABBLE.

OSTUBBE: Now what do the rabble want?

ILEANA: They want to run free. Turlough, where's the Doctor?

TURLOUGH: Far away by now.

ILEANA: Don't lie to me. He wouldn't leave you behind.

STUBBE: If that's all the Doctor wants, let's throw the boy down the mountain to him.

(HE LIFTS TURLOUGH UP - PROBABLY BY THE FOOT)

TURLOUGH: No. Put me down! Please!

FX: TARDIS DEMATERIALISES AND THE DOOR OPENS.

TURLOUGH: Doctor!

ILEANA: Doctor!

DOCTOR: Pieter Stubbe! When I challenge you, you will have the decency to stay and face me!

FX: STUBBE DROPS TURLOUGH.

STUBBE: Challenges I accept. Not taunts. What is that object?

More moonshine?

DOCTOR: Ileana, thank you for returning my TARDIS.

ILEANA: I understood that it was important.

DOCTOR: It is.

STUBBE: Important? It's just delusion. Just like you, Doctor. You don't belong here. Not in our world. *You're the real monster.* And just as full of tricks as a tar pit.

DOCTOR: And you're bowling on a sticky wicket, Pieter. Turlough, get inside the TARDIS.

TURLOUGH: Be careful, Doctor.

DOCTOR: That's the last thing I can do. Pieter Stubbe, I challenge you...

STUBBE: Yes, monster? Now what?

DOCTOR: You will relinquish the power you've seized. Release the people you've enslaved, both wolves and humans.

STUBBE: I hold sway here.

DOCTOR: In just one tiny city.

STUBBE: Not for long. There are many more wolves to be found and unleashed. Just as I did with her.

DOCTOR: Stop it now, Pieter, before the others turn on you.

FX: THE DISTANT HOWLS AGAIN.

DOCTOR: Listen to them. They're turning already.

STUBBE: This is your doing. *(MOVING AWAY)* I'll soon stop their whining.

FX: HIS DEEP HOWLS ARE ANSWERED BY THE WOLVES FAR BELOW. THIS DRAWS BACK AS WE MOVE TO...

SCENE 68. INSIDE TARDIS DOORWAY

FX: TARDIS HUM. FROM OUTSIDE COMES THE BAYING OF PIETER STUBBE.

TURLOUGH: The Doctor's getting in too deep. We may have to distract that monster, Rosa. Where's your computer?

ROSA: *(HALF DELIRIOUS)* My fight... The spirits are getting angry...

TURLOUGH: *(CONCERNED)* Rosa?

FX: THE DRUMMING OF THE SPIRITS ECHOES IN HER HEAD.

ROSA: *(ECHOING)* It's my goddamn fight.

STUBBE: *(LIKEWISE)* I'll be waiting ...round the next corner.

ROSA: Grandpa? I can't...

STUBBE: And I'll still be hungry.

ROSA: Grandpa!

FX: THE CRESCENDO OF DRUMS MIXES WITH HOWLS, AND THE SNARL OF THE ROSA/CAT AGAIN.

SNAP! BACK IN THE TARDIS.

TURLOUGH: Rosa. Don't give in. Where's your computer? I need it now.

FX: ROSA MAKES A LOW GROWLING CAT YOWL.

SCENE 69. SUMMIT OF THE CORCOVADO.

STUBBE: *(BACKGROUND)* Listen to me, you rabble. I'm your

king. Lord of the forests! I won't be denied!

FX: HOWLS ECHO UP FROM BELOW. STUBBE BELLOWS BACK.

ILEANA: (QUIETLY) Doctor? When you travel, what do you look for?

DOCTOR: That's easy. I explore possibilities. I look for things I could never imagine. I want to know how they work and perhaps help them work better.

ILEANA: And you share that.

DOCTOR: With my companions, yes.

STUBBE: (STILL IN BACKGROUND) Don't turn your backs on me!

FX: MORE DISTANT HOWLS.

DOCTOR: Some people call it meddling. Others actually thank me for it. It all depends which side they're on.

STUBBE: You pack of mange-ridden curs! I know who you've been listening to!

ILEANA: Doctor, I could be more than just a companion.

(DOUBLE BEAT)

TURLOUGH: Doctor, are you coming back...

DOCTOR: I said, into the TARDIS, Turlough!

STUBBE: (APPROACHING) Doctor! Turn my brood against me, would you?

ILEANA: Leave him, Pieter! I've made my choice. I will not come back to you.

STUBBE: (LAUGHS) What? Go with him? Did he whistle for you too?

ILEANA: He's not an animal like you.

DOCTOR: Now hang on...

STUBBE: Does he know what you really are?

ILEANA: He's seen my dark side.

DOCTOR: Ileana's already told me.

STUBBE: That old story about the merchant's daughter rescued from bandits? She likes a good tale.

ILEANA: No, Pieter. Don't!

STUBBE: You don't want her sort, Doctor.

ILEANA: No!

STUBBE: Eighteen twelve. The French were fleeing Moscow. I caught her in the snow, filthy and starving, hunched over a frozen corpse. So hungry she'd eat anything. The wolf bitch shone through her like glass. And now, centuries later, after everything I taught her, she still doesn't know if she's woman or wolf.

DOCTOR: I can't judge her.

ILEANA: Doctor. You accept me? (EXULTANT) Then I shall go with you.

(BEAT)

DOCTOR: (VERY QUIET, VERY SAD) No.

ILEANA: Yes, I shall. You already said...

DOCTOR: Ileana, I would value your companionship...

STUBBE: (LAUGHS) He can't take you. He's an outsider. That's his dark side.

ILEANA: We're all outsiders.

DOCTOR: Pieter's right. I can't take you. You're tied to the Earth. To its old bones. To leave would kill you.

ILEANA: (ANGRY) I thought you'd be here with me!
DOCTOR: Ileana.
STUBBE: He could be. He could give up his travels to stay.
 Couldn't you, Doctor?
ILEANA: Would you stay, Doctor? For me? Do you really care?
FX: THE DISTANT WOLVES ARE HOWLING PLAINATIVELY AGAIN.
DOCTOR: Look to your army, Stubbe. It's your blood they want.
STUBBE: Let them howl.
ILEANA: Doctor? (BEAT)
DOCTOR: Ileana, perhaps I care much too much.
 (BEAT)
ILEANA: Or not enough. (DEFEATED) Goodbye, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Ileana!
STUBBE: Ileana! You're mine!
 (ILEANA GASPS)
ILEANA: Let go of me!
DOCTOR: Put her down, Stubbe!
STUBBE: She's mine. She can't resist. Neither can you, Doctor.
 Nothing can!
DOCTOR: Your wolves reject you, Stubbe! Let her go! Aagh! (AS
 STUBBE PICKS HIM UP)
ILEANA: Pieter, let him down!
STUBBE: Got you both! The whole world's mine! And I'll eat all
 of it! (ROARING) Starting with you, Doctor monster!
*FX: HE ROARS, READY TO SWALLOW THE DOCTOR, BUT... THE
 COMPUTER TUNE OF "Jaguar Girl" STARTS UP.*
ROSA: Lobo king!
 (STUBBE CRIES OUT IN PAIN)
ROSA: Silver bites you, lobo king!
 (THE DOCTOR AND ILEANA GET DROPPED)
STUBBE: Little cat! Come here!
ROSA: Come and catch me!
TURLOUGH: Doctor! Quickly!
DOCTOR: Ileana, run! Run!
STUBBE: Ileana!
DOCTOR: Rosa! In here! In the TARDIS!
FX: CLATTERING OF THE TARDIS DOOR.
STUBBE: You can't hide in there, Doctor!

SCENE 70. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM.

*FX: TARDIS HUM. THE DOORS BUZZ HALF CLOSED AND PROTEST AS,
 SNARLING, STUBBE FORCES HIS WAY IN.*

DOCTOR: Turlough, the doors. Let him in!
*FX: STUBBE FORCES THROUGH, HIS CLAWS SCRABBLE ON THE HARD
 FLOOR.*
TURLOUGH: Rosa, keep back!
STUBBE: (STILL RAGING) Doctor! What is this?
FX: THE DOORS CLOSE COMPLETELY.
DOCTOR: Sanctuary, Pieter. From the likes of you.
ROSA: It's him. I've been waiting for him.
FX: TARDIS DEMATERIALISATION STARTS.

TURLOUGH: Look out!

FX: SOMETHING SMASHES TO THE GROUND.

STUBBE: More trickery.

DOCTOR: I thought we'd take a short trip.

FX: FURNITURE OVERTURNED.

DOCTOR: Just to get things into perspective. When you've finished with my furniture.

ROSA: Remember our date, lobo?

FX: THE SCANNER BUZZES OPEN.

STUBBE: *(SUDDENLY PERPLEXED)* What's that? What is it?

TURLOUGH: *(SURPRISE)* It's the Earth. From orbit, about five hundred miles up.

(STUBBE GROANS AND CRASHES OVER)

DOCTOR: We'll just hover out here in space for a while.

STUBBE: *(WEAKENING. GASPING FOR BREATH)* Where are we? I can't feel the world.

DOCTOR: Of course, you can't. But you can see it. Look, there it is. It's going away from you.

STUBBE: Take me back! Monster! Monster!

DOCTOR: How old are you, Pieter?

STUBBE: *(SHIVERING)* I'm not *old*. I don't get older. I just *am!*

DOCTOR: You *were*. Listen to the Earth. It's left you behind.

FX: WE HEAR THE SPIRIT DRUMMING GRADUALLY GETTING LOUDER.

STUBBE: So cold...

DOCTOR: Or were you too busy gorging to listen? You can't devour it all, Pieter. The Earth's bigger than you are. Perhaps you've had your fill.

TURLOUGH: He's not changing, Doctor. Surely he'll become human.

DOCTOR: There were no humans when he first appeared.

STUBBE: I'm the first. All *Loups-garoux* are my children.

ROSA: *(POSSESSED)* Out of the forests, that's where you came from.

TURLOUGH: Rosa?

STUBBE: *(WEAKER)* They destroyed the forests. They drove us out.

ROSA: Stop whining! I am the forest. You left *me*. And now I'm coming after you.

STUBBE: The girl in the cat skin. Your claws still need cutting.

ROSA: Should have eaten me when you had the chance.

(STUBBE GROANS AGAIN)

DOCTOR: What shall we do with him, Rosa?

ROSA: Dunno. His strength's sapping away. But he'll always be hungry.

STUBBE: *(VERY WEAK)* Where's Ileana? Tell her I'll behave. Just take me back.

DOCTOR: His people have rejected him. Even Ileana doesn't want him. And neither do I.

TURLOUGH: You can't let him go.

DOCTOR: No, we can't do that.

ROSA: He's trouble. But I know who'll have him.

DOCTOR: Your spirits. I hoped you'd say that.

ROSA: Pieter Stubbe? Listen to me. Look. Do you see the path? Can you smell it?

FX: THE DRUMS START TO RISE AGAIN.

STUBBE: (*GRUNTS*) What's that?

ROSA: The path... ahead of you, through the trees.

STUBBE: The path...

FX: THE BUZZ OF INSECTS. RUSTLE OF BRANCHES.

ROSA: Go on. Follow the path. Straight ahead.

SCENE 70a. THE LOST FOREST

FX: THE SPIRIT DRUMS FADE SOMEWHAT. INSECTS DRONE. THE CRY OF AN EXOTIC BIRD. THE BUSHES ARE PUSHED BACK.

ROSA: Hey, Senhor Wolf.

STUBBE: Good day, young lady. Spare a morsel for a hungry wanderer.

ROSA: Get it yourself. Straight on, through the trees.

STUBBE: What forest is this? It's not my forest. And where's Ileana?

ROSA: Like it or lump it, lobo. See the path?

STUBBE: Straight ahead.

ROSA: Like a knife. So stick with it. And don't stray. Coz one day I'll be waiting behind the next tree, and I'll be hungry too.

(STUBBE GROWLS)

ROSA: Go on. That way.

FX: THE DRUMS RISE AGAIN.

STUBBE: (*ANGRY*) Ileana? Who's dancing through there?

FX: PUSHES BACK BUSHES

STUBBE: (*MOVING AWAY*) Where are you? Ileana!

ROSA: See you, Senhor Wolf.

SCENE 70b. THE TARDIS

FX: TARDIS HUM

TURLOUGH: He's not breathing.

DOCTOR: No. Rosa?

ROSA: (*DEEP BREATH*) We couldn't leave him here. Now he's back in the forest where he belongs.

TURLOUGH: Stubbe's in the forest? In your head?

DOCTOR: Quite a relief for everyone. Thank the spirits for me.

ROSA: Don't thank them. They're okay. It's my head that gets done in by their goddamn drums.

FX: TARDIS CONSOLE ARRIVAL NOISE AND CHANGE OF BACKGROUND HUM.

DOCTOR: All right, we're back. Open the doors, Turlough.

TURLOUGH: What about his body? We can't leave him lying there.

DOCTOR: Just open the doors, please.

FX: CLICK. DOORS BUZZ OPEN. DISTANT BAYING OF THE WOLVES OUTSIDE.

TURLOUGH: You'll need a fork-lift truck to move him.

DOCTOR: Shush. Wolves have ears.

TURLOUGH: (*MUTTERING*) Or a wheelbarrow...

DOCTOR: I think he should be returned to his own people. Then they can all go home.
ROSA: I'll handle that. Bye, Doctor... Grandpa says he's sorry he missed you.
DOCTOR: Tell him the forest's in safe hands. Goodbye, Rosa.
TURLOUGH: Rosa? I suppose your initiation's finished.
ROSA: Hardly started. You were okay, yerpi-boy. Just stay crazy.
TURLOUGH: (BEAT) Yes. See you, Jaguar Girl.
ROSA: (GOING) See you around.
TURLOUGH: (SUDDEN REALISATION) Ah, Rosa. Your computer!

SCENE 71. SUMMIT OF THE CORCOVADO.

FX: DOORS CLATTER AS TURLOUGH EMERGES.

TURLOUGH: Rosa? (BEAT) She's gone. So fast.
DOCTOR: (WEARY) Only to be expected. The spirits are very demanding.
TURLOUGH: But what about Stubbe's body?
DOCTOR: Already gone, I expect.
TURLOUGH: (NON-PLUSSED) So quickly. (GLUM) She could have waited. And now what do I do with this?
FX: CLICKS ON ROSA'S PERSONAL COMPUTER
ROSA: (TINNY ON COMPUTER, FROM SCENE 58) "Time's coming when I get to prove myself. I won't forget."
FX: TURLOUGH CLICKS IT OFF AGAIN.
TURLOUGH: Sorry.
DOCTOR: I don't think she needed it any more. I'd hang on to it as a keepsake if I were you.
TURLOUGH: Yes. I will.
(BEAT)
FX: A SEAGULL CRIES OUT.
DOCTOR: The air's lifted.
TURLOUGH: You can smell the sea. Is the city free again?
DOCTOR: Oh, yes. They'll leave it alone now. (DEEP BREATH) Clear blue. Thank you, Turlough. You saved me from Stubbe's clutches.
TURLOUGH: (NON-PLUSSED) Did I? Oh. Good. Did you really believe all that forest spirit stuff?
DOCTOR: Didn't you? Rosa and Stubbe certainly did. And I do like to find things I thought were never possible.
TURLOUGH: Yes. But I'm sorry about Ileana.
DOCTOR: (RATHER SHARPLY) Why?
TURLOUGH: Well, you... I mean I thought that you were both...
DOCTOR: Yes?
TURLOUGH: But now she's gone too.
DOCTOR: Has she? Are you sure about that? Can't you see, Turlough?
ILEANA: (QUIET) Doctor?
DOCTOR: (GENTLE) It's safe now, Ileana. He's gone. You're free. Both you and Victor.
ILEANA: Am I free? At what price, when I can never leave the Earth?

DOCTOR: No, I never wanted to stay at home either. That story. The one about the wolf woman and the winter. How did it end?

ILEANA: The winter wolf died. But the woman had a cub. And when the year grew old, he left her snowy home and drove away the aged brown wolf of summer.

DOCTOR: And so it goes in endless turns.

ILEANA: Year after year. Without *Him*. *(BEAT)* Goodbye, Doctor.

DOCTOR: Goodbye, Ileana.
(BEAT)

TURLOUGH: No, Doctor, I can't see anyone. I'm sorry.

DOCTOR: So am I, Turlough. *(SIGHS)* Ah well... maybe she just doesn't want you to. *(BEAT)* Come on.

FX: THE DOOR CLATTERS SHUT. THE TARDIS GOES. AND AFTER A SECOND, A FAR OFF, PLAINTIVE WOLF HOWL. CLOSING MUSIC.